



THE
GRIN
REAPER!

\$1.75
\$2.25
CANADA/
FOREIGN

#268
DEC. '91

TERMINATOR 2 • ROCKETEER • DON MARTIN

CRACKED



WE TOTAL BILL AND TED!

ROASTING MOTHER GOOSE

JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL
TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER



SO, ...WHAT ELSE
DID YOU DO?



PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT,
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



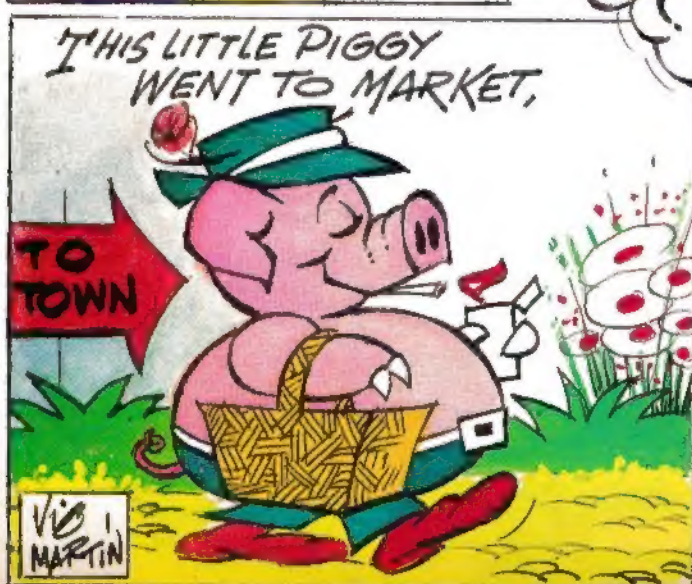
I'VE BEEN TO LONDON
TO LOOK AT THE QUEEN!



FIRST TIME I'VE
EVER SPOKEN TO
HER!



THIS LITTLE PIGGY
WENT TO MARKET,



SALE ON
HAM

BACON



Cracked



Dec. '91, #268

The butcher, the baker, the locksmith don't rhyme,
but who needs a candlestick-maker?

Sylvester P. Smythe

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CRACKED CONTENTS

ROCKETEER	4
DON MARTIN'S ONE HOT AFTERNOON IN THE JUNGLE	11
REALLY SCARY CREATURES FROM EVERYDAY LIFE	12
UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH THE ROCKETEER	14
OREHEK AT LARGE: THE COMEDY CLUB	17
CRACKED'S COMPARATIVE GUIDE TO LEARNING INSTITUTIONS	20
IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO WHEN—	24
THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING THE ROCKETEER	26
CRACKED HORSES AROUND	28
GERMINATOR 2, JUDGMENT DAZE	30
THE LITTLE DREAD SCHOOLHOUSE	37
ROBOCOP CATALOGUE	38
ROCKETEEN	41
CRACKED LETTERS	42
DON MARTIN'S BIRD-WATCHING COUPLE	44
BULL AND TAD'S BIG BUDGET JOURNEY	46
DON MARTIN'S ROCKETEER OUTTAKE	50

**JOHN SEVERIN, front cover
TYLER/DE FUCCIO, inside cover
VIC MARTIN/KAIN, inside cover
TYLER/HOUSE, back cover**



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Hollywood is always on the lookout for stories the average blockhead can understand, so, naturally, they turned to the comic pages. We've had SUPERMAN, BATMAN, POPEYE, ANNIE, LI'L ABNER, and DICK TRACY. And now, another summer spectacular has zoomed from the pages of a comic book to the big screen...

SABOTEERS!

The CROCKETEER

Gee whiz, the GEE WHIZ has been hit! The crooks are shooting holes in it faster than I can chew gum and patch it up.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE
ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

Now I know why it's called a rumble seat; we're having a rumble wit' the Feds.

We must recover that package.
It's a matter of national security!

We're lucky it's 1937. We're allowed to shoot at criminals without reading them their rights.

AUTHENTIC SOUND EFFECTS FROM THE 1930'S

BL-DAM!
BL-DAM!
BL-DAM!

BANG! BANG!

IF YOU CAN READ THIS SIGN YOU ARE GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION

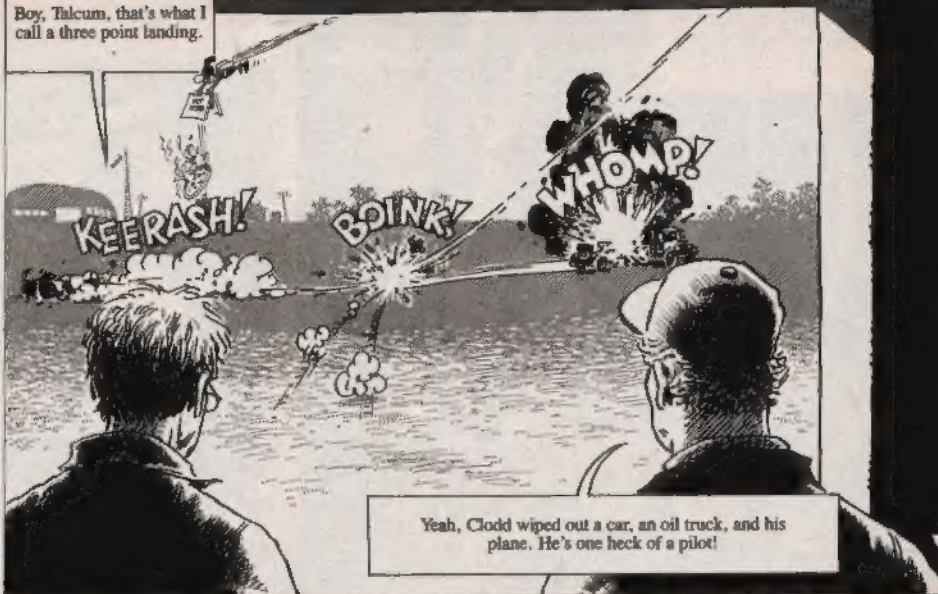
1937? Great Scott! We're in the wrong year; we should have gotten off at the last exit.

With all this shooting, I thought it was 1991.

I gotta hide this thing so the Feds don't find it. I know, I'll switch it with dis vacuum cleaner. It's a stupid idea but it always works in comic books.



Boy, Talcum, that's what I call a three point landing.

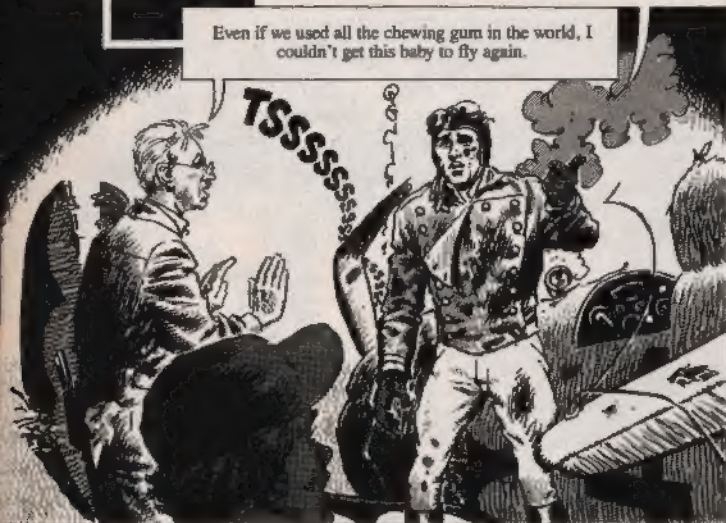


Yeah, Clodd wiped out a car, an oil truck, and his plane. He's one heck of a pilot!

Are you okay, Clodd?

I'm fine but I'm afraid I can't say the same for the Gee Whiz. Think you can fix her, Veepy...?

Even if we used all the chewing gum in the world, I couldn't get this baby to fly again.



I got the gizmo!

I guess it was named after our boss, J. Edgar.

Look, it says "Hoover".

PROBABLY ONE OF THOSE UNDERCOVER AGENTS



This was badly damaged in a fire, how soon can you build a new one?

It's too dangerous! I'm going to destroy the plans.

The government won't like that.

The government? I'm richer and more powerful than the government. I'm Howard Huge!

Gosh, what a strange vacuum cleaner. I wonder how it works?



Wouldn't you know the warranty on the vacuum expired yesterday.

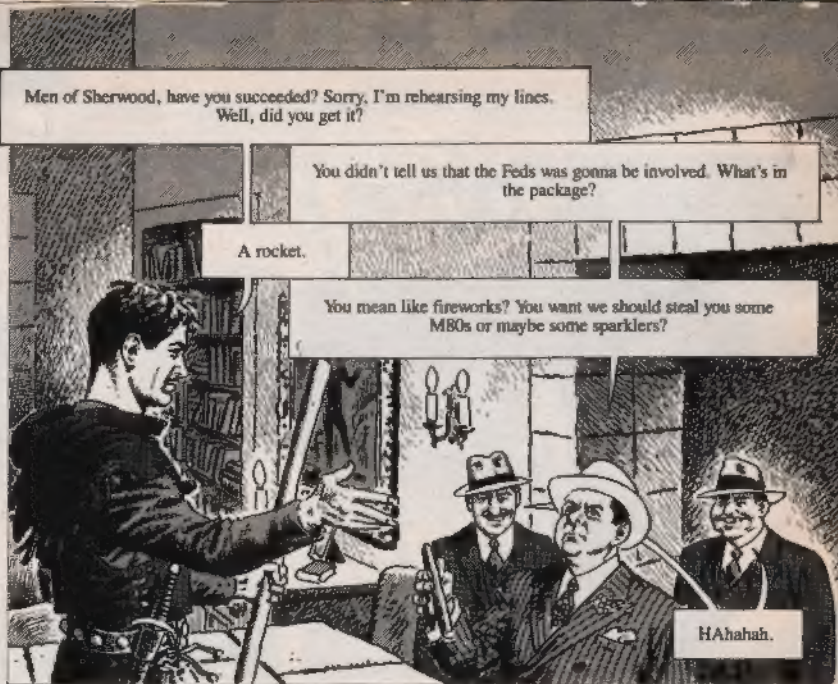


Men of Sherwood, have you succeeded? Sorry, I'm rehearsing my lines. Well, did you get it?

You didn't tell us that the Feds was gonna be involved. What's in the package?

A rocket.

You mean like fireworks? You want we should steal you some MBOs or maybe some sparklers?

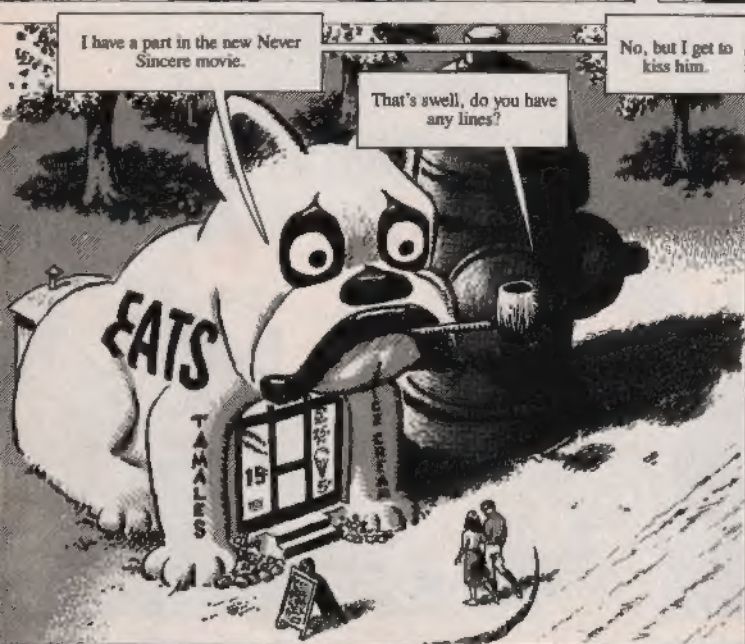


HAhahah.

I have a part in the new Never Sincere movie.

That's swell, do you have any lines?

No, but I get to kiss him.



Golly, that's not fair, we've been going steady for five years and all I ever get is a goodnight handshake.

Your jaw isn't the only thing that's square about you, Clodd.

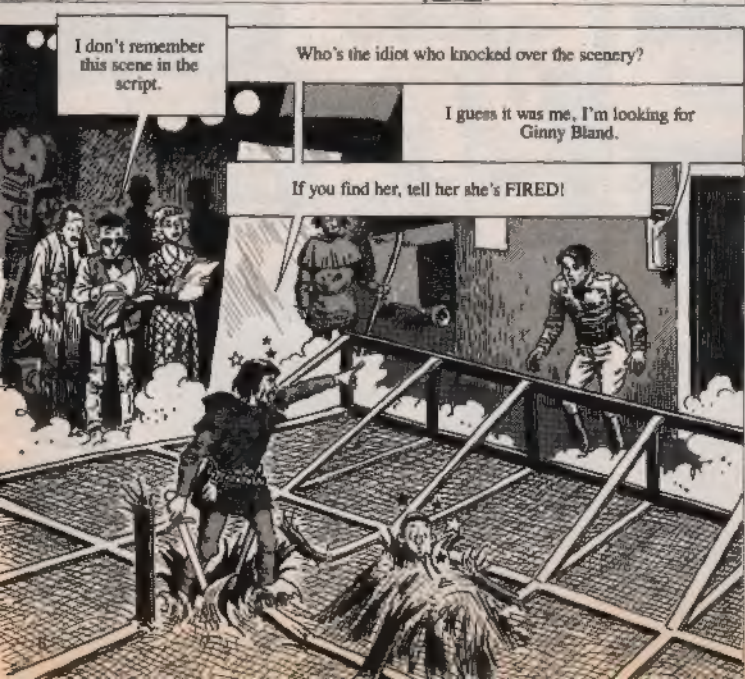


I don't remember this scene in the script.

Who's the idiot who knocked over the scenery?

I guess it was me. I'm looking for Ginny Bland.

If you find her, tell her she's FIRED!



Ginny, you're fired.

I forgot to tell you about this thing we found. I strap it on and I can fly.

What are you doing here?

Great, you ruined my career so you can make like Peter Pan.



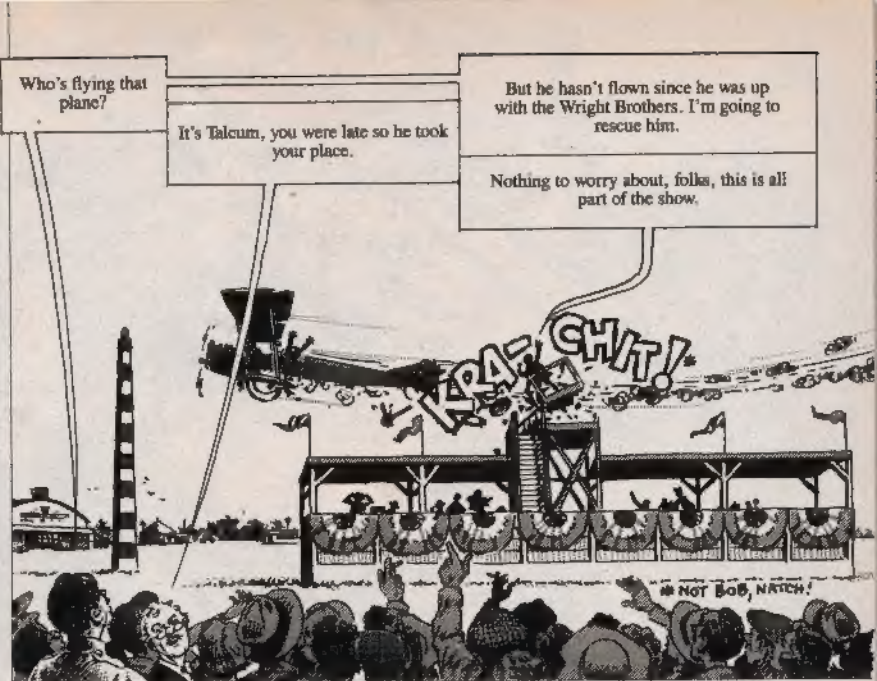


I'm sorry.
Sincere.

I can see you're just busting, I mean,
bursting, with talent. You're rehired and I'm
giving you a bigger role.

Gosh, will
I have any
lines?

No, but you get to kiss
me three times.

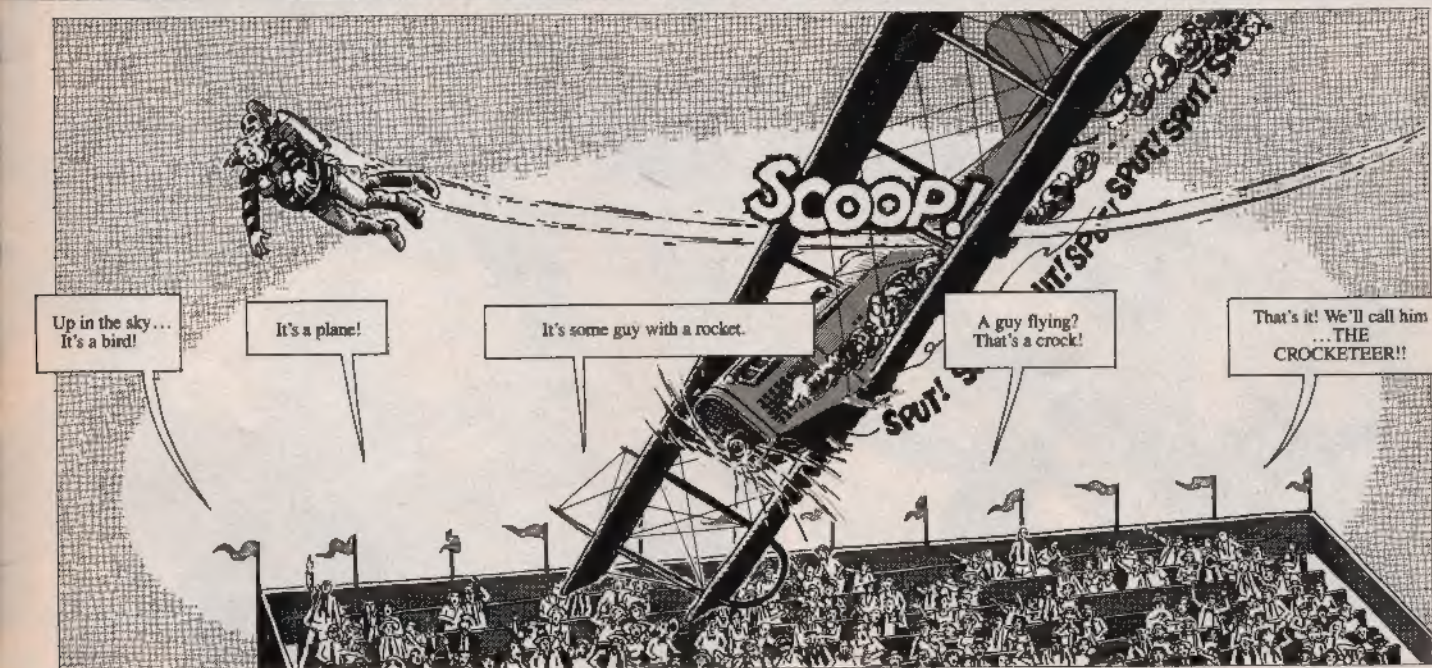


Who's flying that
plane?

It's Talcum, you were late so he took
your place.

But he hasn't flown since he was up
with the Wright Brothers. I'm going to
rescue him.

Nothing to worry about, folks, this is all
part of the show.



Up in the sky...
It's a bird!

It's a plane!

It's some guy with a rocket.

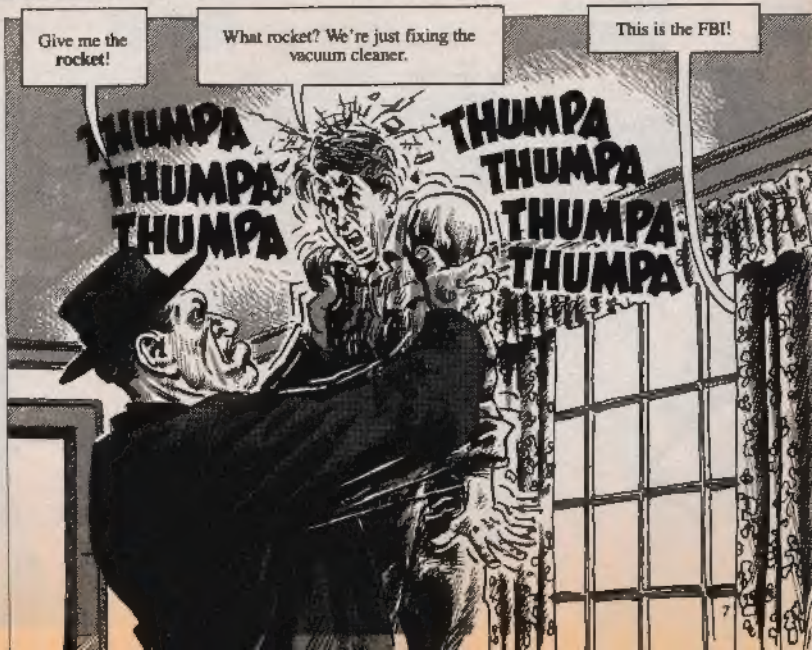
A guy flying?
That's a crock!

That's it! We'll call him
...THE
CROCKETER!!



I want the rocket!!

I think you're in the wrong movie; the Addams
Family doesn't open until Thanksgiving.



Give me the
rocket!

What rocket? We're just fixing the
vacuum cleaner.

This is the FBI!

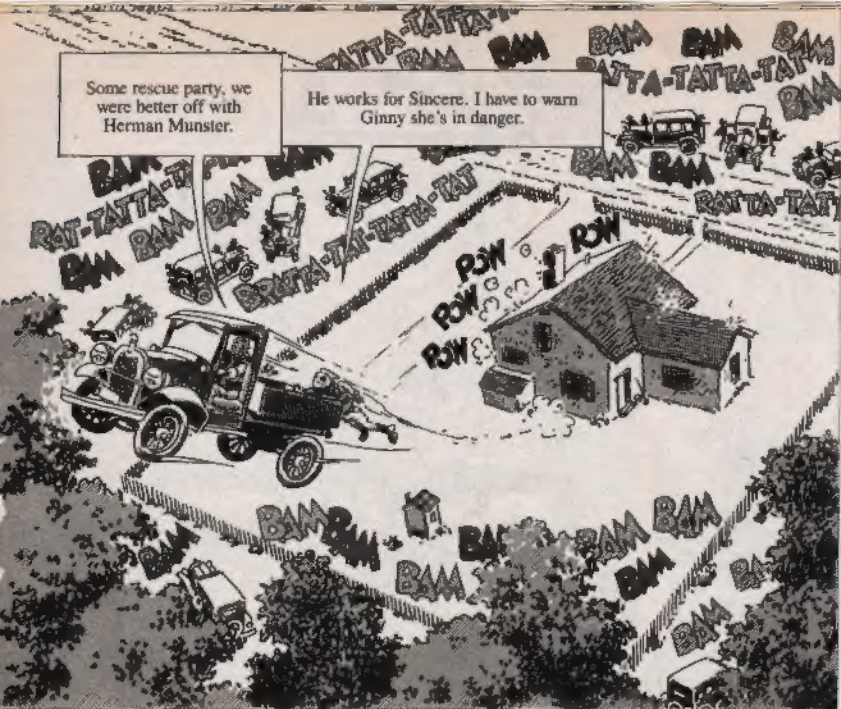
Some rescue party, we were better off with Herman Munster.

He works for Sincere. I have to warn Ginny she's in danger.

Ginny, I want to know all about you and your boy friend, where he keeps his rocket...

Clodd!! I'm glad to see you gave up flying and have a sensible job.

Ginny, you're in danger, get out of here!



It's Sedork, get him!

Wow! What a floor show!

Rocket up and see me some time, big boy.

Ah, my little chickadee.



Where am I?

I guess your manly charm overwhelmed me and I fainted.

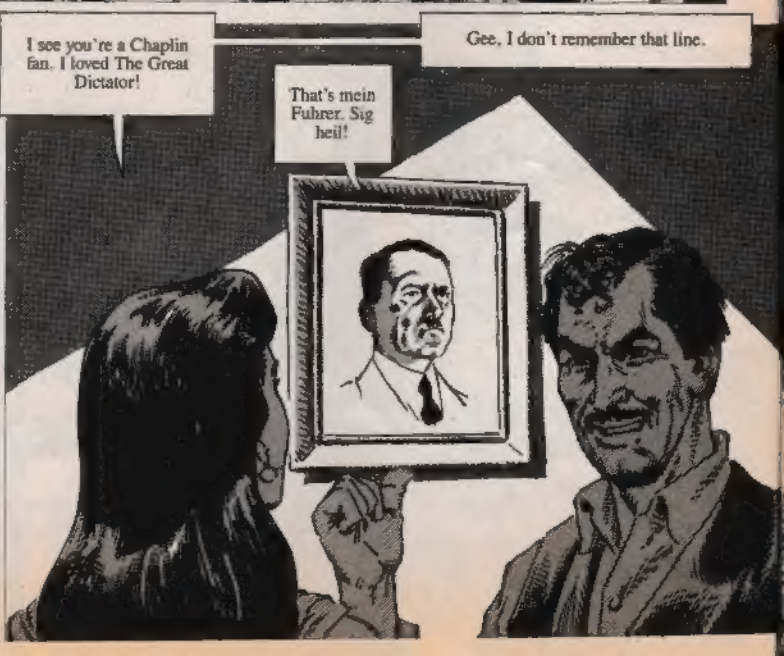
My place.

It wasn't my charm, it was chloroform.

I see you're a Chaplin fan. I loved The Great Dictator!

Gee, I don't remember that line.

That's mein Fuhrer. Sig heil!



This is Valenslime, we have the girl. Bring the rocket to the Observatory. Listen...

YAAAAAIIIEEEE!!

That's Ginny, I'd recognize her sweet voice anywhere!

Watch this captured German film.

The Third Reich usink der rocket to invade the United States...

I don't believe this!

That the Germans plan to invade the U.S.?

Sieg im Westen

Sedork, you're under arrest.

No, that a billionaire like Howard Huges doesn't serve popcorn at his movies.

You may have the rocket as soon as I rescue Ginny from Valenslime.

He's only a hired muscle working for the Nazis. We don't know who the boss is except he's a famous swashbuckling movie star.

Give me the rocket and I'll let her go.

Valenslime, how does it feel to be working for the Nazis?

I know I'm a crook, a murderer, a drug dealer, I buy judges and senators, but, by God, I'm 100% American!

Well, said, Valenslime.

Gee, I wonder who he is.

MAHPI! MAHPI! UMF!

TH-THUMP!
SOUND EFFECT FROM THE '30'S DENOTING THE LANDING OF A ROCKETEER OR SPACEMAN'S TWO FEET-- LOOK IT UP!

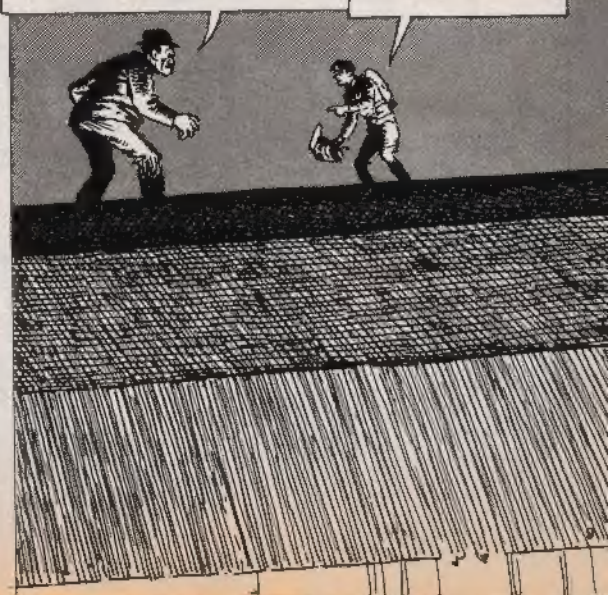
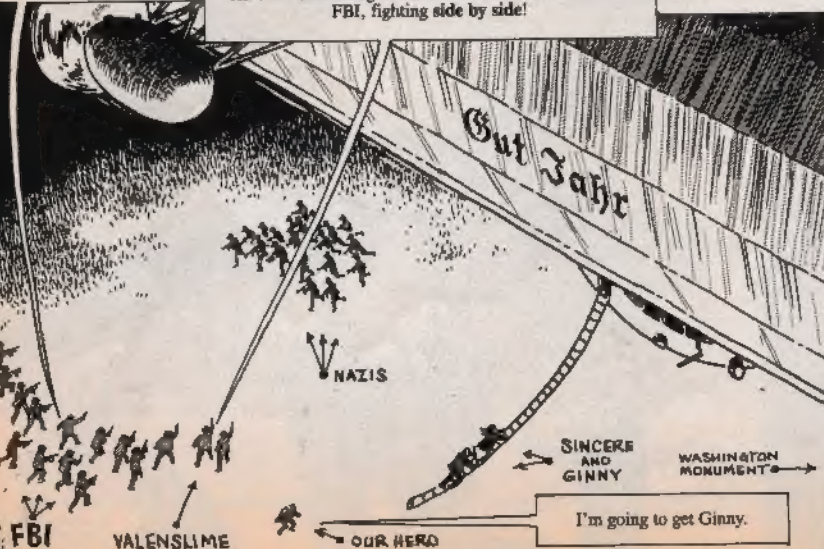
This is the FBI... throw down your guns!

Isn't this something?! America's Most Wanted and the FBI, fighting side by side!

That's what makes this country great.

Yankee schweinhundt! You don't stand a chance against a pure Aryan like me...

If you're a pure Aryan, I'd hate to see an impure one!



YAAAAHIEEEE!!

KICK!

TELEPHONE

A most excellent move, gnarly dude.

Watch for our bodacious satire on page 45.

Give me the rocket or she dies!

Okay, but can I keep this chewing gum? It's my last piece.

I don't want your stinking gum, I want the rocket!

KRASH!

That gum was plugging a leak in the tank, the fuel will explode.

KLAP BOOM!

This must be a message from Heaven. I'm going to make nothing but movies based on the Bible!

HO LY LAND

Very good, C.B., we won't have to hire writers.

Sedork, you idiot, you ruined our sting operation. We wanted the Nazis to get that rocket!

Why?

The rocket held only enough fuel to get halfway across the ocean. The German army would have fallen into the Atlantic and drowned. Now we'll have to go to war to defeat the Nazis.

What's wrong with a war? It'll do wonders for the economy.

The country's...?

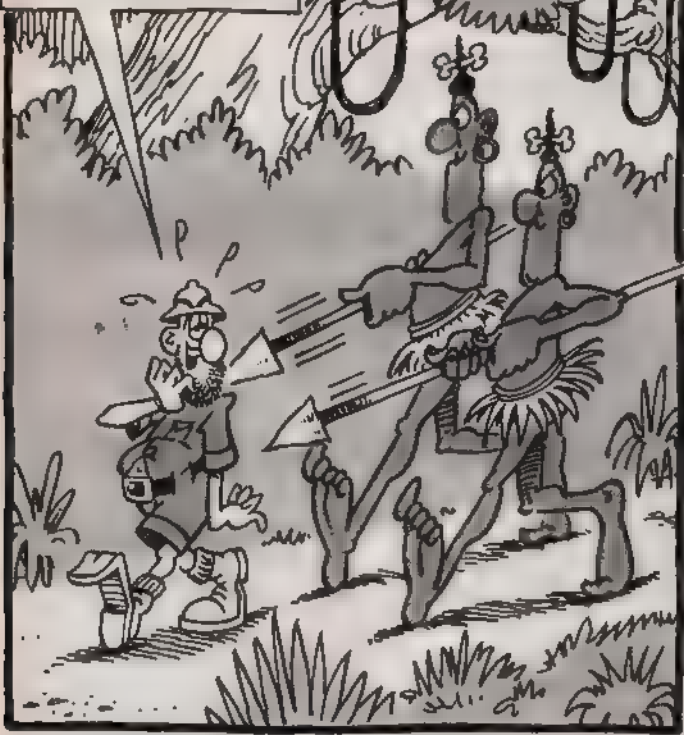
No, mine! Hey, if the Government pays \$100 for a couple of bolts and thousands for a toilet seat, just think how much they'll pay me for this balsawood turkey...

GOLDEN GOOSE

THE END

ONE HOT AFTERNOON IN THE JUNGLE

ER-AH...YOU GUYS WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE CANNIBALS, WOULD YOU???



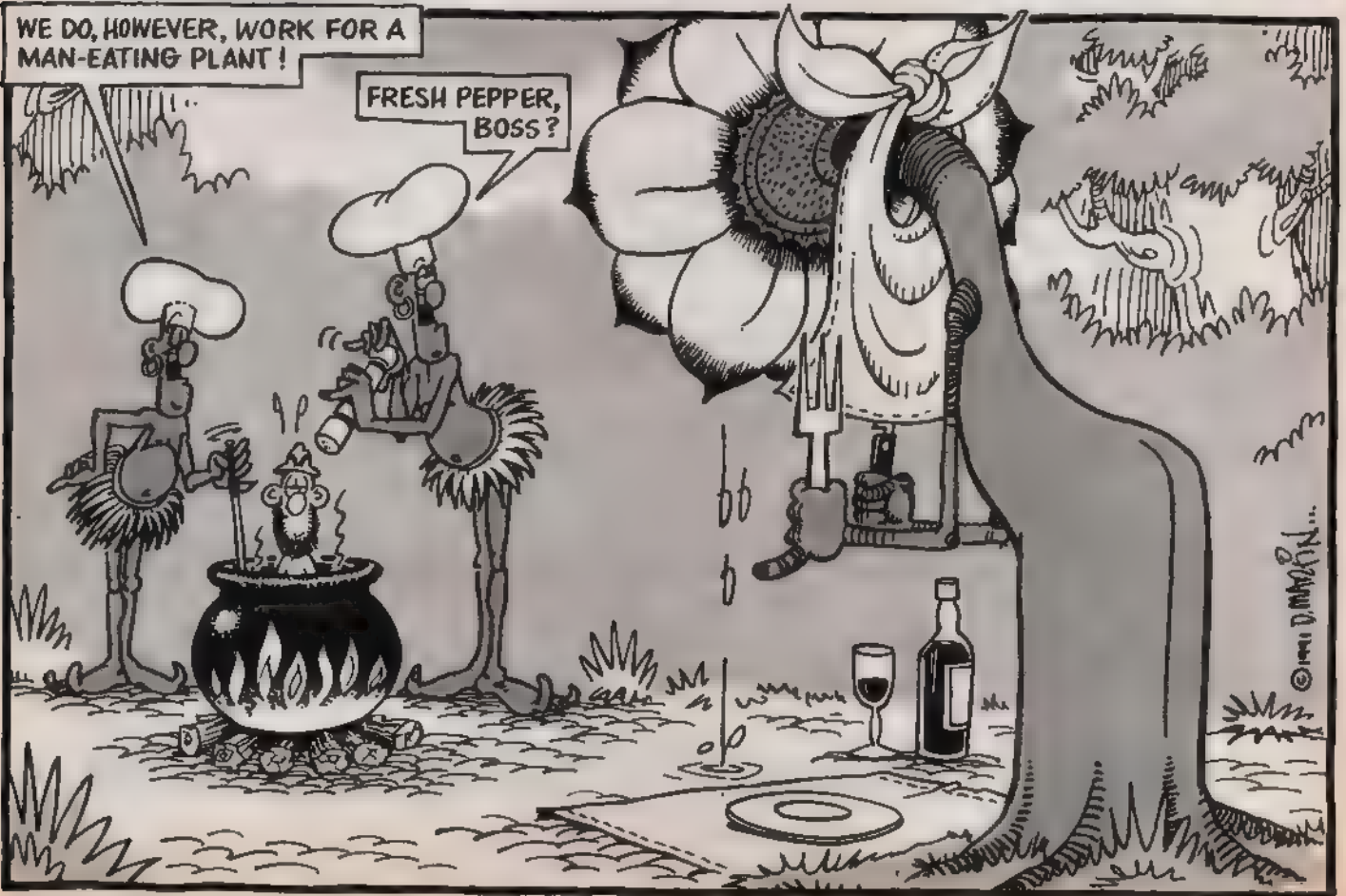
CANNIBALS!??!

OF COURSE WE'RE NOT CANNIBALS!!!



WE DO, HOWEVER, WORK FOR A
MAN-EATING PLANT!

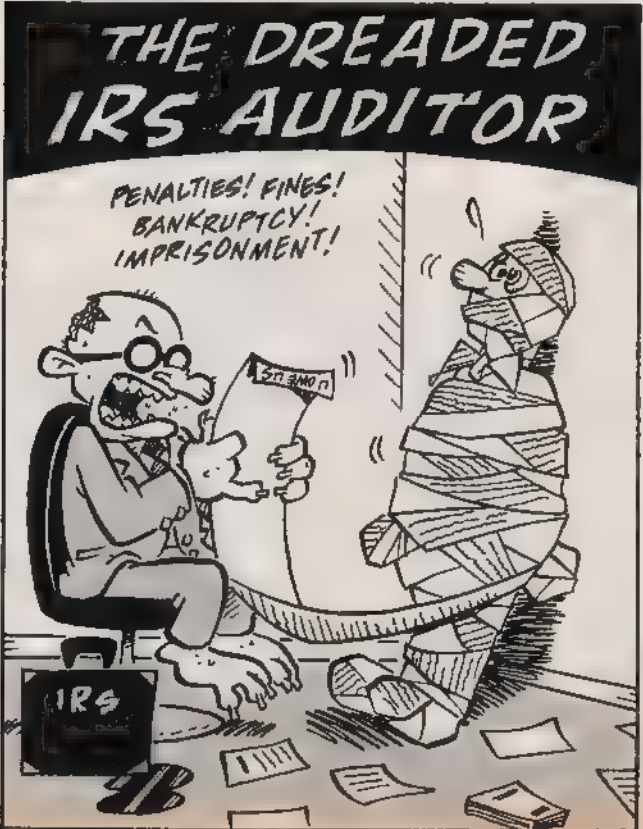
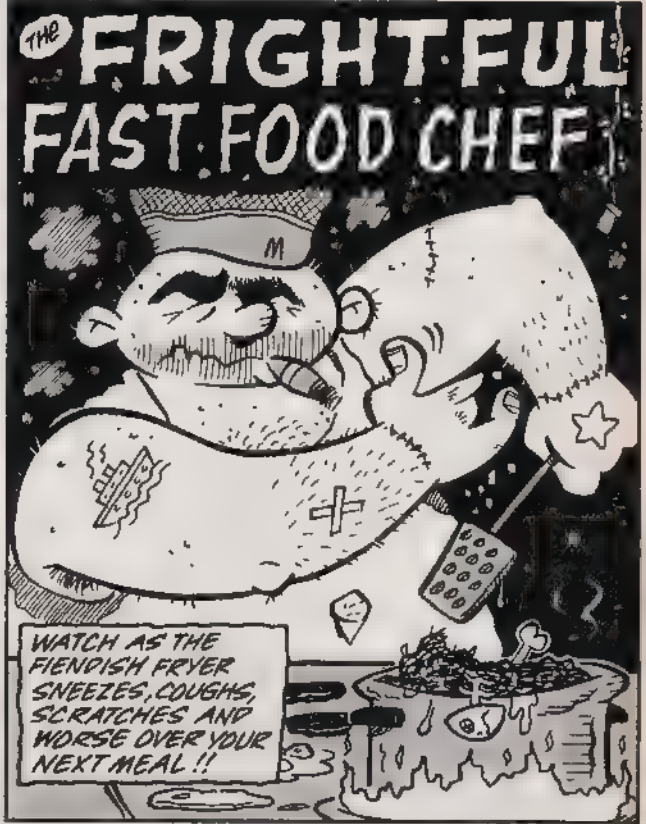
FRESH PEPPER,
BOSS?



THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE THAT'S MORE FRIGHTENING THAN FREDDIE, CHUCKIE OR JASON. NO, WE DON'T MEAN ALIENS FROM OUTER-SPACE OR OOZING MUCK-MONSTERS, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT...

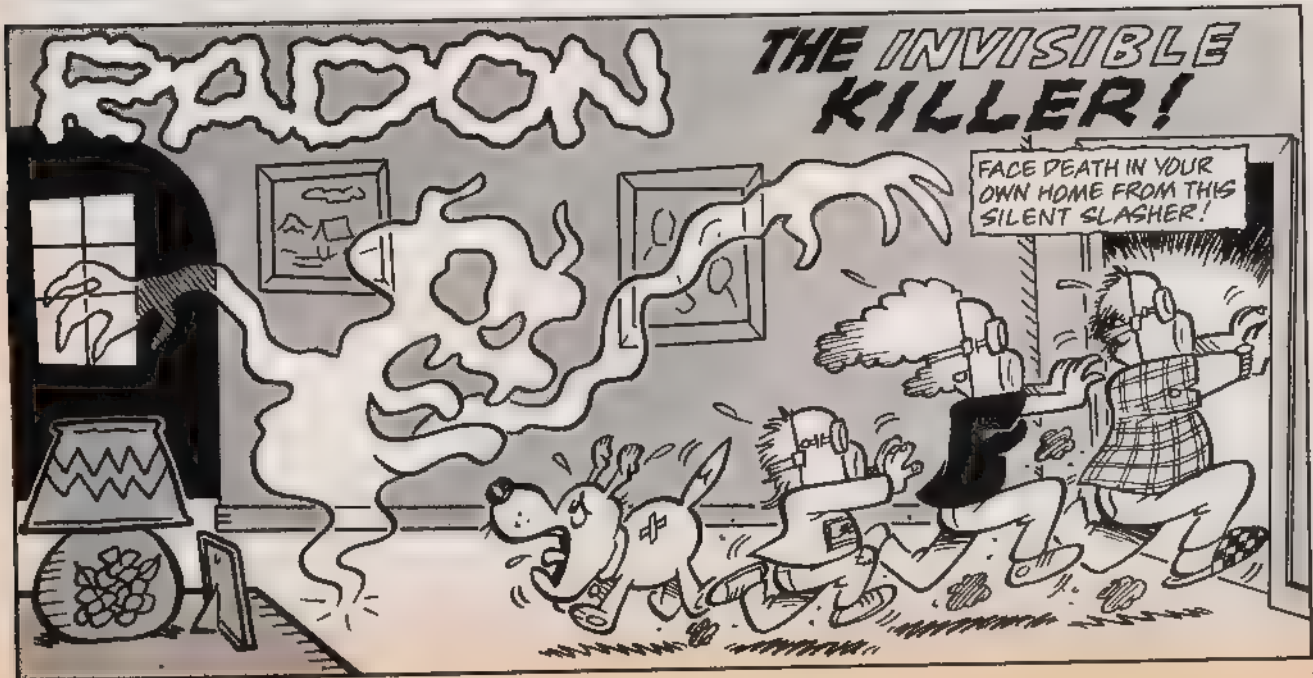
REALLY SCARY

WRITTEN BY BLACKHEARTED BILL IGNIZIO • DRAWN BY GHOULISH GARY FIELDS



BY CREATURES

FROM
EVERYDAY
LIFE!



UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH THE

ROCKETEER

THE ROCKETEER WAKES UP...

UP AND AT 'EM,
HONEY...
RISE AND...

... KEEP
RISING...

THE ROCKETEER ATTENDS
A PUNK ROCK CLUB...

RADICAL
'DO,
MAN!

BETTER THAN
A MOHAWK!

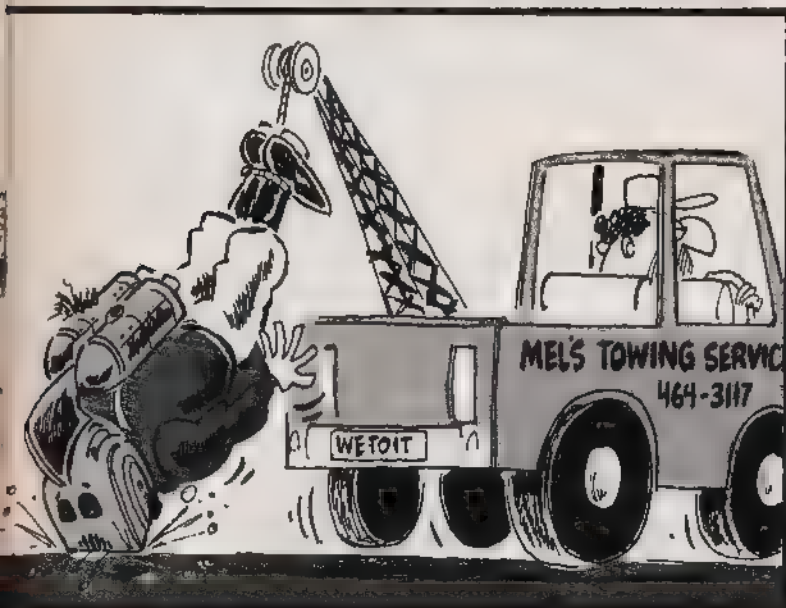
ULTIMATE
HAIR!

THE ROCKETEER GOES ICE-SKATING...

HICCUP

MELT MELT

THE ROCKETEER HAS ENGINE TROUBLE...



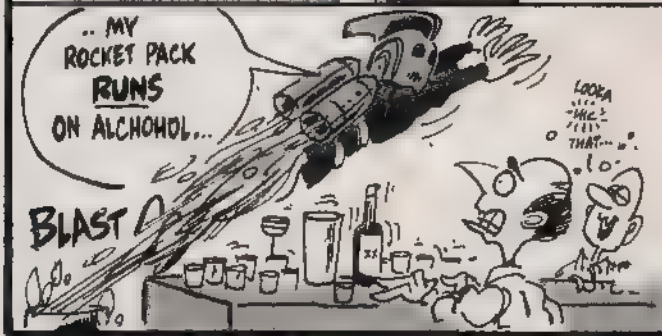
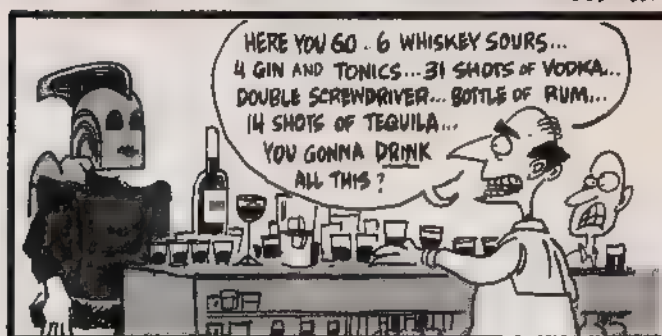
THE ROCKETEER CELEBRATES THE 4th OF JULY...



SON OF THE ROCKETEER...



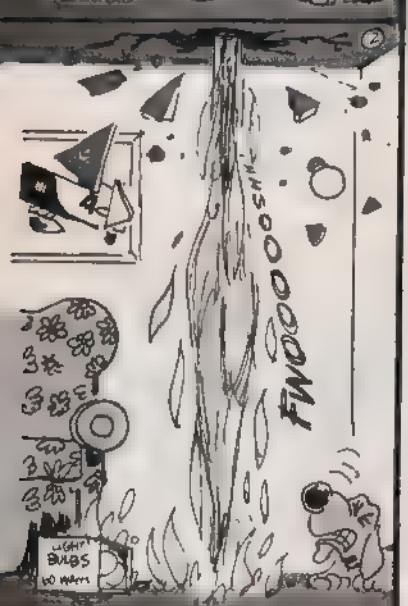
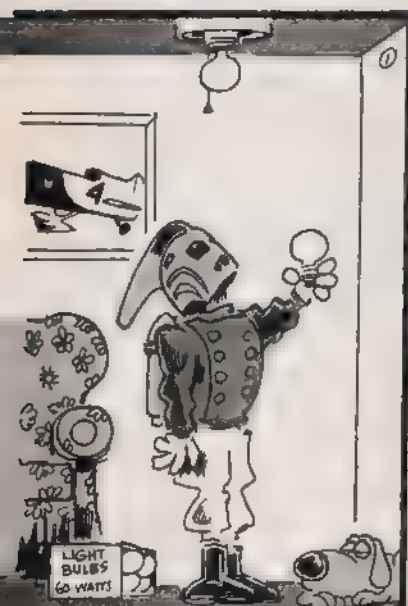
THE ROCKETEER GOES TO A BAR...



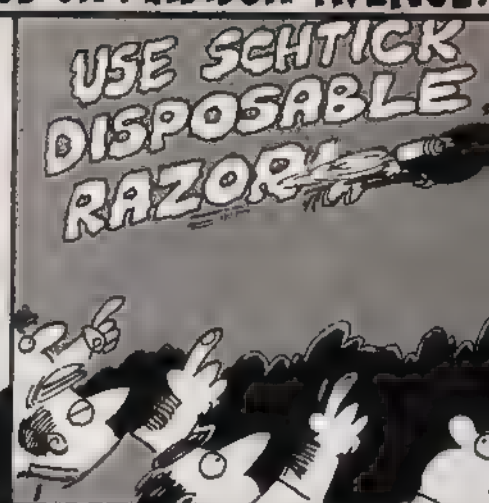
THE ROCKETEER'S PANTS CLOSET...



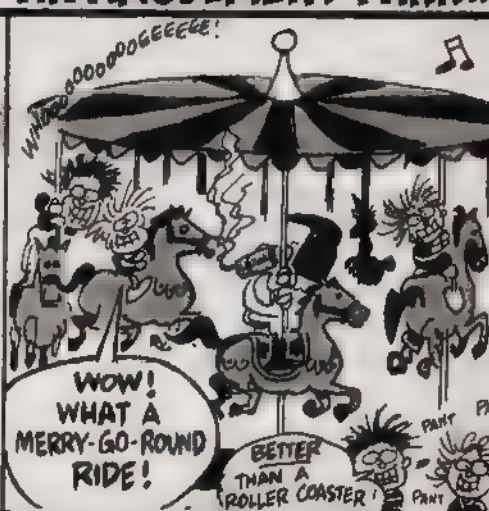
ANOTHER LIGHT BULB IS OUT AT THE ROCKETEER HOUSE



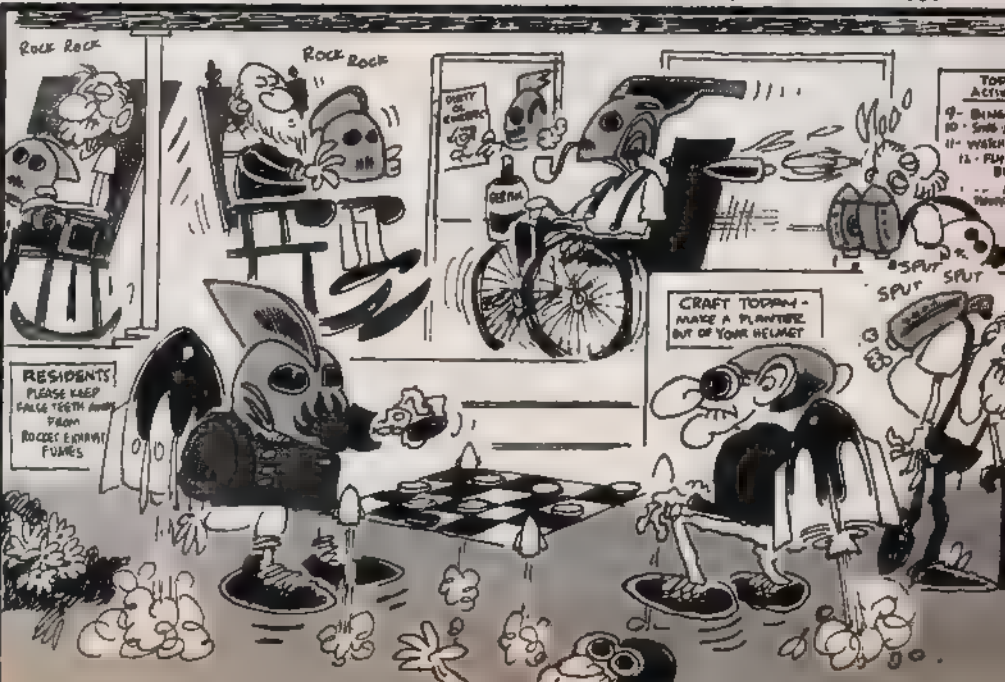
THE ROCKETEER GETS A JOB ON MADISON AVENUE.



THE ROCKETEER GOES TO AN AMUSEMENT PARK...



THE ROCKET MAN'S RETIREMENT HOME...



OREHEK ^{at} LARGE AT A COMEDY CLUB

THAT'S
THE LAST
COMIC TO
APPEAR →
HE DIED!

DIDN'T I SEE
YOUR MUGSHOT
ON AMERICA'S
MOST STUPID?

WHOA! NICE BREATH!
WHAT DID YOU DO...
FRENCH KISS A MULE?
WHOOOPS, SORRY, THAT'S
YOUR DATE!

HOW COME YOU
GET SUCH BAD
COMICS IN THIS
CLUB, CAROLEE?

CAUSE IF
YOU LAUGH,
YOU AIN'T
DRINKIN'!

HEY! ~~SHIC~~ HE
SHOULD ~~BURP~~
GET A REAL ~~HIC~~
JOB! ~~SHIC~~

WHY DO ALL THE
COMEDY CLUBS
HAVE A BRICK
WALL BEHIND
THE STAGE?

BECAUSE THEY
CAN'T AFFORD
ALUMINUM/
SIDING.

STAND UP COMICS
ARE WAY COOL... I
WONDER WHAT IT'S
LIKE DATING ONE?

THESE DAYS KIDS DON'T
KNOW COMEDY! COMEDY
IS A RUBBER CHICKEN,
SELTZER DOWN THE
PANTS! A PIE IN THE
FACE! THAT'S COMEDY!

I REMEMBER BEING
HIT IN THE FACE WITH
A PEPPERONI PIZZA
PIE ONCE... I ATE
THE WHOLE THING!

FORGET IT, LOIS!
THOSE CREEPS ARE
REALLY CHEAP! I
WENT TO DINNER
WITH ONE ONCE,
I HAD TO PICK UP
THE TAB AND GIVE
HIS AGENT TEN
PERCENT!



THIS IS MY BACHELOR PARTY! WHY ARE WE AT A COMEDY CLUB?!

WE PAID THE COMIC TO PICK ON YOU SO YOU'D BE PREPARED FOR MARRIED LIFE!

I REMEMBER MY BACHELOR PARTY, I MET THIS CHICK...

AND HE CALLED OFF THE WEDDING!

I HAVE TO GO TO THE JOHN!

IT'S JUST BEHIND YOU!

IF I GET UP THE COMIC WILL MAKE FUN OF ME!

IF YOU WAIT MUCH LONGER THE JANITOR WILL MAKE FUN OF YOU!

OKAY, THIS WEEK I GOT WHITY BANTER, ONE LINERS, PUNS AND KNOCK-KNOCKS.

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING WITH A HARDER EDGE!

TRY MY "ANDREW DICE CLAY" SPECIAL GUARANTEED TO GET YOU PUNCHED OUT OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

HEY, I SAW THAT COMIC ON TV...

WAS HE ON JOHNNY, LETTERMAN OR ARSENIO?

NO, AMERICA'S MOST WANTED!

IT'S NICE TO BE WANTED!

STEVE'S A DOLL, HE'LL AUTOGRAPH ANYTHING!

THIS GUY'S LAUGHING SO HARD HE'S CRYING!

YOUR CHAIR'S ON HIS FOOT!

DO YOU TAKE BODY PARTS? YOU SHOULD! YOU CHARGE AN ARM AND A LEG!

WHAT A PLACE, EVERYBODY THINKS THEY'RE COMEDIANS!

YEAH, HE AUTOGRAPHED A BLANK CHECK FOR MY MOM'S OPERATION.

RODNEY, YOU'D GET MORE RESPECT IF YOU SAT ON A CHAIR!

SO WHAT ARE YOU TWO BABES DOING AFTER THE SHOW?

LAUGHING AT THE FACT THAT YOU TRIED TO PICK US UP!

ROSEANNE, YOU STOLE MY NEW "KAMIKAZE TAP DANCING DWARVES WITH A HSP BIT!"

LIKE EVERYBODY DOESN'T DO A JOKE ON THAT TOPIC!

MAYBE I CAN GET HER TO SING THE IRAQI NATIONAL ANTHEM!

A "STOCK" JOKE MEANS EVERYBODY USES IT, A "HELL GIG" IS A BAD COMEDY JOB, A "HACK" IS A BAD COMIC ...

WHAT'S THIS ... "RARE"?

A COMIC WHO DOESN'T CURSE!

THE COMEDY CLUB OWNER GAVE ME THE CORSAGE!

I SANG THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

NO, I'M NOT A COMIC, AND YES, I DID PICK OUT THIS, TUXEDO!

STAND-UP COMIC'S LANGUAGE TRANSLATION DICTIONARY

WHY DID WE COME TO THIS DUMP, BART?

BECAUSE, KATHY, THEY DON'T CHECK YOUR I.D.!

I WONDER IF HE BROUGHT THE CHECKERS?

MAYBE HE'D HOLD STILL LONG ENOUGH FOR A GAME OF CHESS!

WAITER, ONE ZOMBIE TO GO, PLEASE!

STEVE STRANGIO WAS HERE



DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO? NEED A HANDY REFERENCE FOR YOUR SCHOLASTIC ASPIRATIONS? WANT TO KNOW WHICH SCHOOLS WILL OFFER YOU A NON-HASSLE SHEEPSKIN, FOUR YEARS DEVOID OF ACADEMIC SUFFOCATION? IT'S ALL HERE, IN...

CRACKED'S Comparative Guide to LEARNING INSTITUTIONS

ACADEMICAL AUTHOR: STEVE STRANGIO

POINTDEXTER WITH A PENCIL: PETE FITZGERALD

KEGGER ACADEMY WHOOF! WHOOF! WHOOF!

FAVORITE COURSE

- CHUG 101: HISTORY OF HOPS
- BEER NUTS, SEDUCTION OF THIRST

MOST POPULAR MAJOR

- MOONSHINING

LEAST POPULAR MAJOR

- HYGIENE

TOP HANGOUTS

- BOMBASTIC BOB'S BODACIOUS BUBBLIN' BREWSKI
- UNCLE PUKE'S PALACE OF FINICKY FERMENTATION

BEST PARTIES OF THE YEAR

- ANNUAL "MISS SUDS" WET T-SHIRT COMPETITION
- "LOST WEEKEND" CARNIVAL

NAME OF FOOTBALL TEAM

- THE ROARIN' BELCHES

BEST THING ABOUT SCHOOL

- PARTY! PARTY! PARTY!

WORST THING ABOUT SCHOOL

- MORNINGS; WHOM YOU MAY WAKE UP NEXT TO!



DWEEB UNIVERSITY

DEVELOPERS OF A CURE FOR WHICH THERE IS NO DISEASE

FAVORITE COURSES

- HISTORY OF FUNGUS
- APPRECIATION OF PLAID
- ACNE AND THE MODERN MALE
- INFALLIBLE WEATHERSTRIPPING

MOST POPULAR MAJOR

- MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE (TIE)

LEAST POPULAR MAJOR

- ANYTHING ELSE

TOP HANGOUTS

- LIBRARY
- THE LAB
- INFIRMARY
- HOME

BEST PARTIES OF THE YEAR

- "MATHEMATICIANS' COSTUME BALL", COME AS OHM'S LAW

NAME OF MATH TEAM

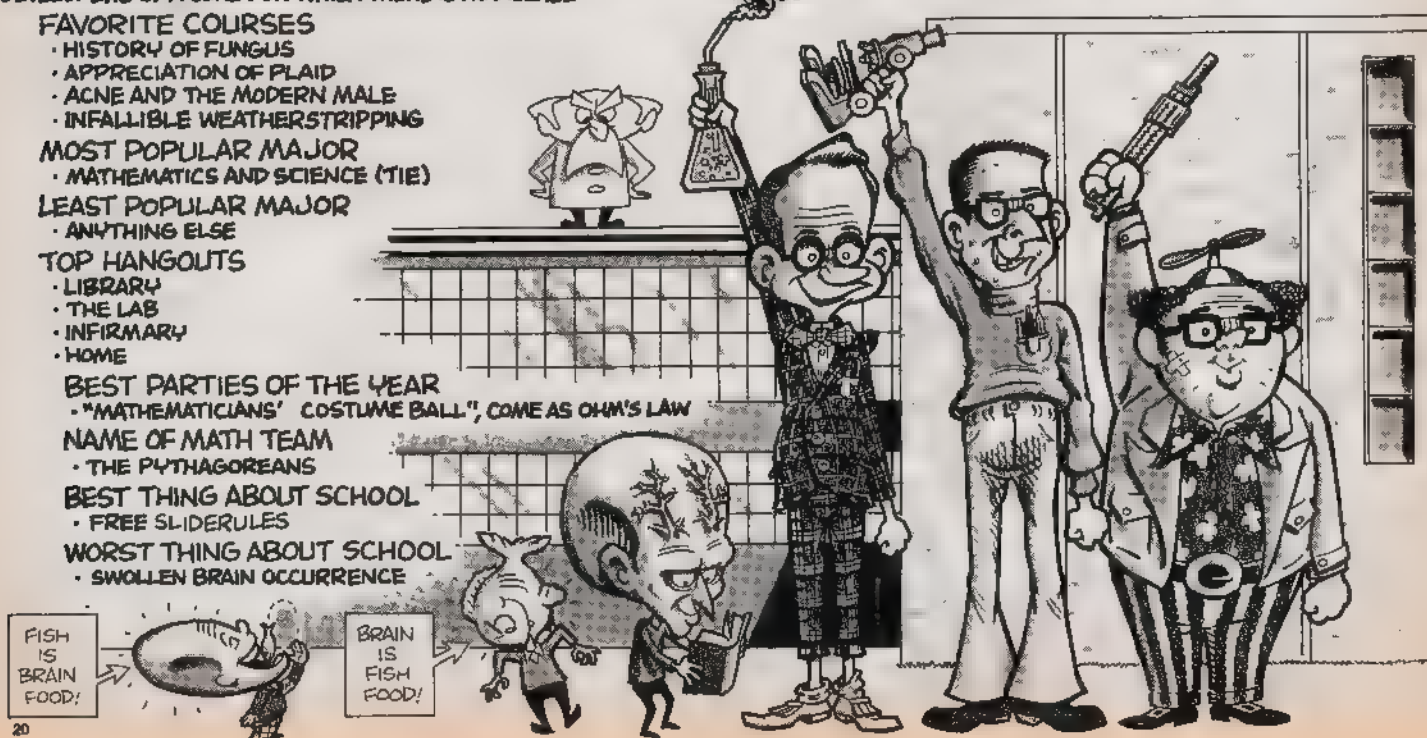
- THE PYTHAGOREANS

BEST THING ABOUT SCHOOL

- FREE SLIDERULES

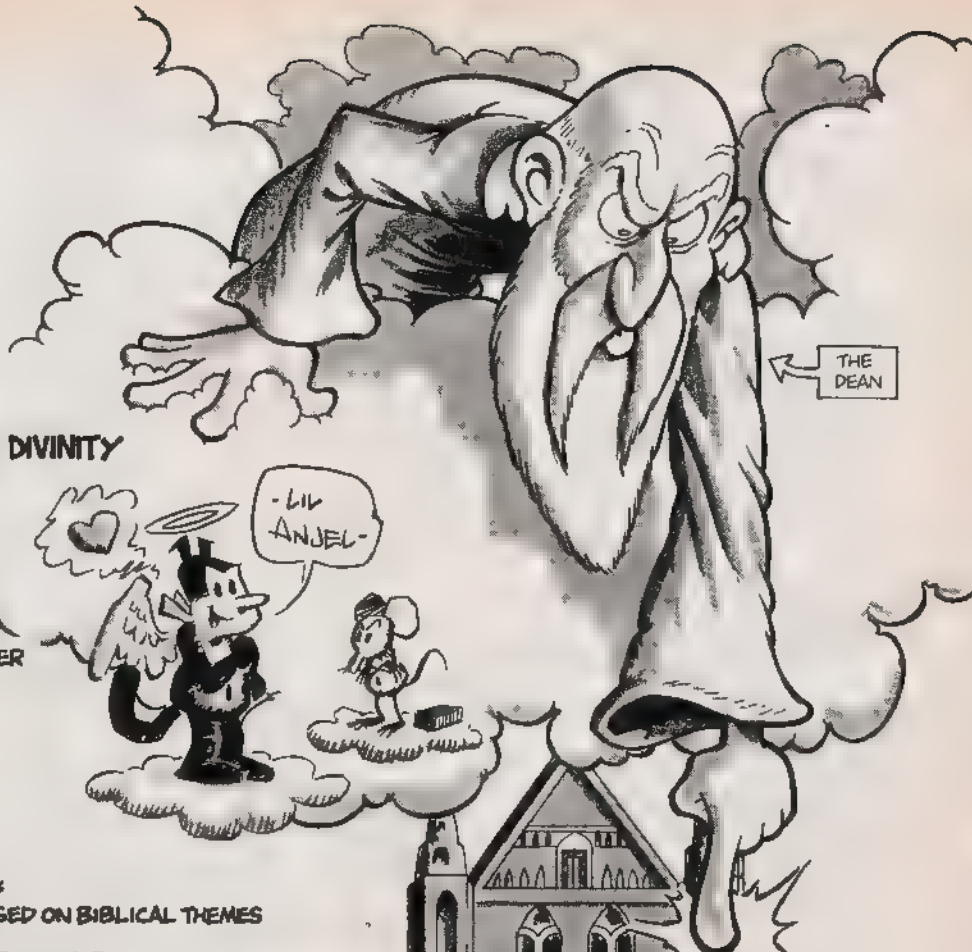
WORST THING ABOUT SCHOOL

- SWOLLEN BRAIN OCCURRENCE





THE
HOLEY
GHOST



THE
DEAN

ST. PHILISTINE, THE RIGHTEOUS DIVINITY

"LEARN, HEATHEN, LEARN!"

FAVORITE COURSES

- PAIN APPRECIATION
- CAKE SALES 101
- CHURCHROBICS (PHYS. ED)
- DARWINISM DENIAL

MOST POPULAR NUN

- SISTER ARNETTE SCHWARZENEGGER

LEAST POPULAR

- SISTER DILIGENCIA

TOP HANGOUTS

- THE SACRISTY
- THE NAVE
- EXPRESS CONFESSIONAL
- THE FLYING BUTTRESS

BEST PARTIES OF THE YEAR

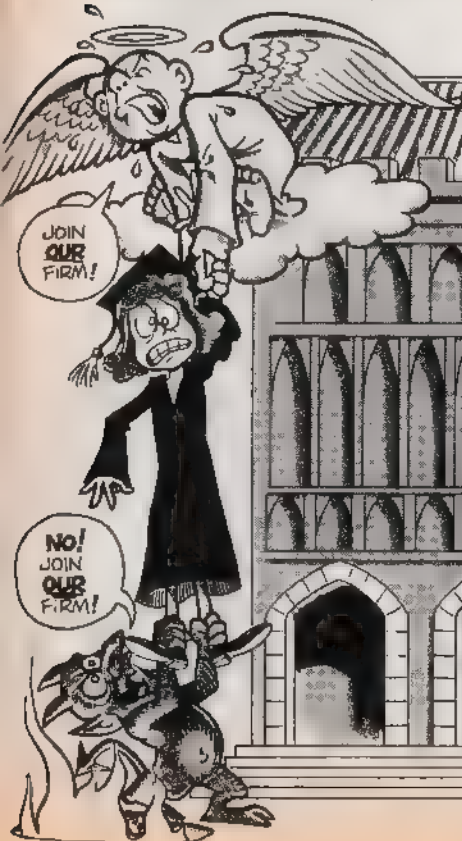
- "THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE BIBLE"*
- *STUDENTS DO COMEDY ROUTINES BASED ON BIBLICAL THEMES
- "MOSES GOES WATER SKIING"*
- *LAST YEAR'S PROMISED LAND AWARD WINNER

BEST THING ABOUT SCHOOL

- LOTS OF CATHOLIC GIRLS

WORST THING ABOUT SCHOOL

- LOTS OF CATHOLIC GIRLS

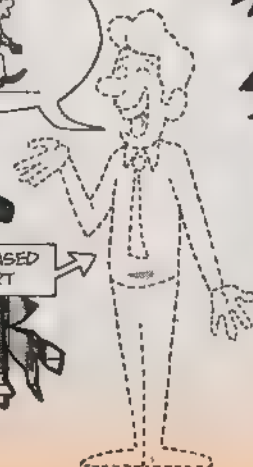


NO!
JOIN
OUR
FIRM!



BLASPHEMY!

RECENTLY DECEASED
YOUNG UPSTART



GAMBLING STATE

"WE BET YOU CAN'T GET A BETTER EDUCATION"

FAVORITE COURSES

- MONEY MISMANAGEMENT
- MURPHY'S LAW VS. HOBSON'S CHOICE
- SPINAL READJUSTMENT
- SLOT MACHINE REPAIR

MAJOR MISTAKE

- BORROWING MONEY FROM GUYS WEARING SHARK EMBLEMS ON THEIR SPORTS SHIRTS

MINORITY REPRESENTATION

- WINNERS

TOP HANGOUTS

- HORSE RACING TRACK
- THE CASINO
- OFF TRACK BETTING
- CRAP TABLES
- BACK ALLEYS

BEST PARTIES OF THE YEAR

- "THE LOSERS' BALL"
- "FREAK-OUT FORMAL"
- "PAY DAY"

NAME OF FOOTBALL TEAM

- NONE. DISBANDED FOR ILLEGAL BETTING.

BEST THING ABOUT SCHOOL

- THE EXCITEMENT! THE THRILLS! THE THREATS!

WORST THING ABOUT SCHOOL

- NO CASH MACHINES.



RAY'S DISCOUNT COMMUNITY COLLEGE

"TRY OUR CONVENIENT DRIVE-THRU."

FAVORITE COURSES

- FUN WITH SPAM
- AIR FRESHENER APPRECIATION
- DOING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING: 101
- TWO-HANDED BEER CAN CRUSHING

MOST POPULAR MAJOR

- LIBERAL ARTS

LEAST POPULAR MAJOR

- LIBERAL ARTS

TOP HANGOUTS

- THE PARKING LOT
- A FENCE
- A PATCH OF GRASS
- A LAMPPOST
- A DUMPSTER
- A DUMPSTER IN A PARKING LOT

BEST PARTIES OF THE YEAR

- "THE COMMUTERS CAR PARTY"
- "PANTY RAID ON THE BEAUTICIAN SCHOOL DOWN THE ROAD BASH"
- "COW TIPPING WEEKEND"

NAME OF FOOTBALL TEAM

- THE DUMBS

BEST THING ABOUT SCHOOL

- PRICE OF LOW TUITION

WORST THING ABOUT SCHOOL

- SCHOOL RATING



BOONDOCKS UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK (BUNY)

"ARE WE THERE, YET?"

FAVORITE COURSES

- AVOIDING THE LOCALS
- JOYS OF REMOTENESS
- INCOMMUNICADO, NO SWEAT
- INTRODUCTION TO ANYONE

MOST POPULAR MAJOR

- MAP READING

LEAST POPULAR MAJOR

- LIFE

TOP HANGOUTS

- ANYPLACE!

BEST PARTIES OF THE YEAR

- "THE S.O.S. BONFIRE"
- "COME AS YOU AREN'T SPREE"
- "GRADUATION"

NAME OF FOOTBALL TEAM

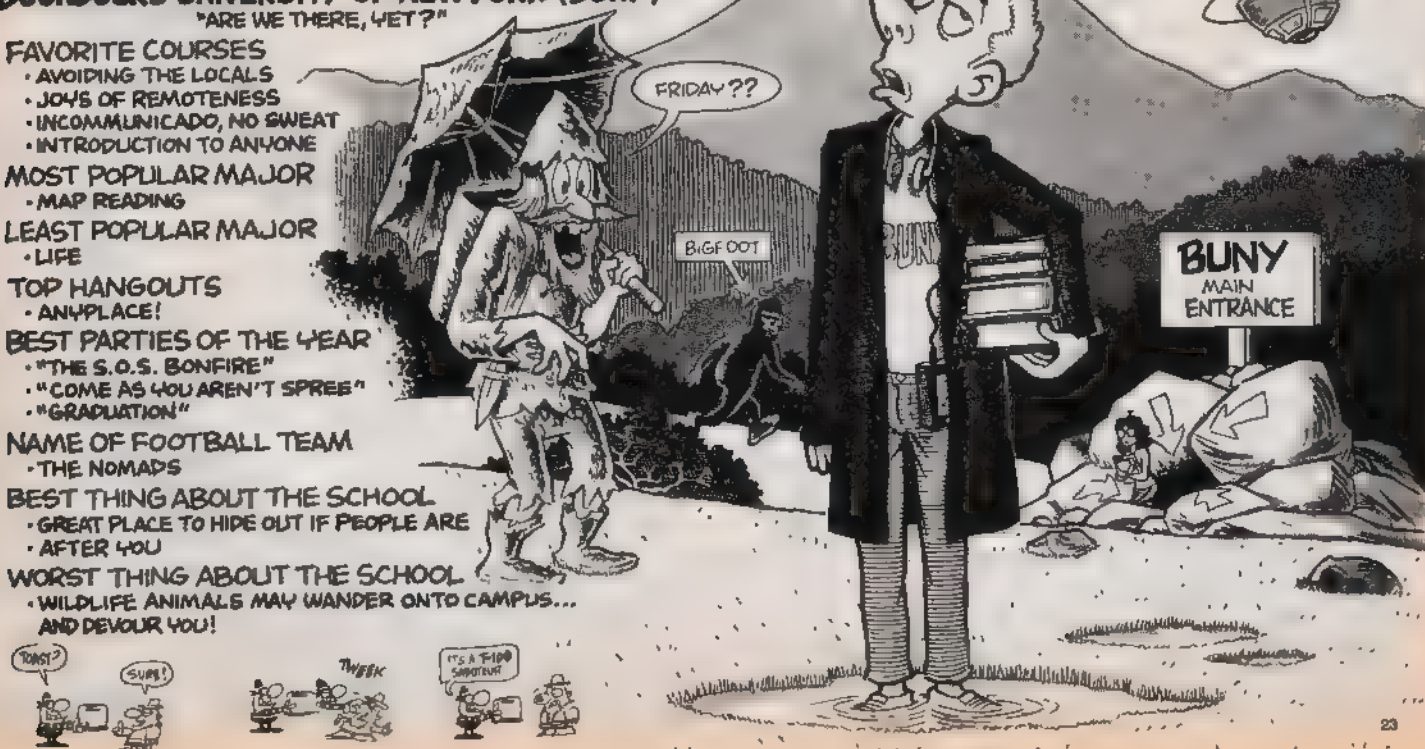
- THE NOMADS

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL

- GREAT PLACE TO HIDE OUT IF PEOPLE ARE
- AFTER YOU

WORST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL

- WILDLIFE ANIMALS MAY WANDER ONTO CAMPUS... AND DEVOUR YOU!



IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO WHEN...



WRITER: BILL IGNIZIO
ARTIST: JOHN WILSON

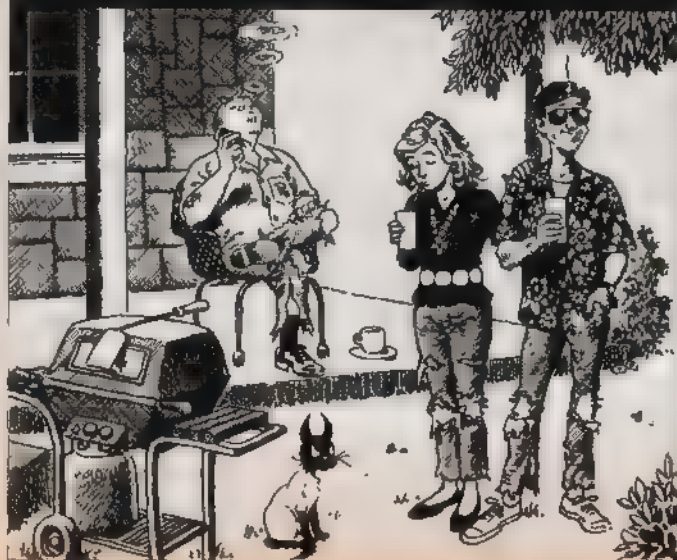
NERDS WERE A TURN-OFF



TENNIS SHOES WERE WORN FOR TENNIS



ONLY POOR FOLKS WORE TORN AND FADED JEANS



AMERICANS OWNED AMERICA



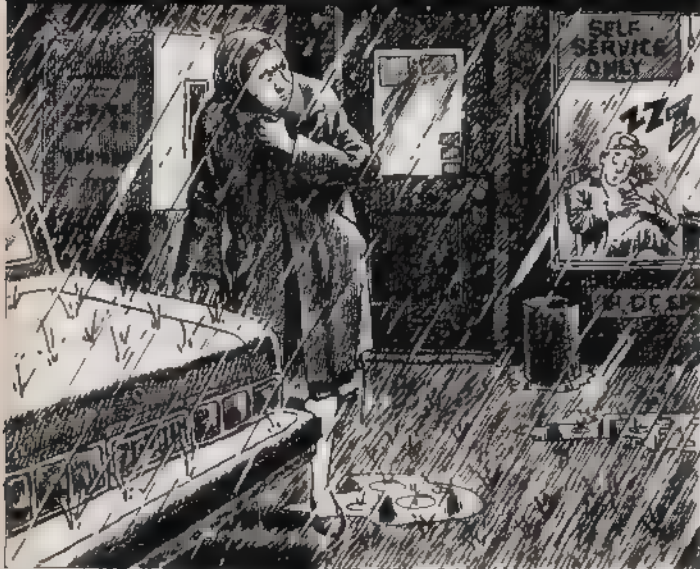
WE DIDN'T LIKE THE RUSSIANS



WE LIKED THE CANADIANS



SERVICE STATIONS PROVIDED SERVICE



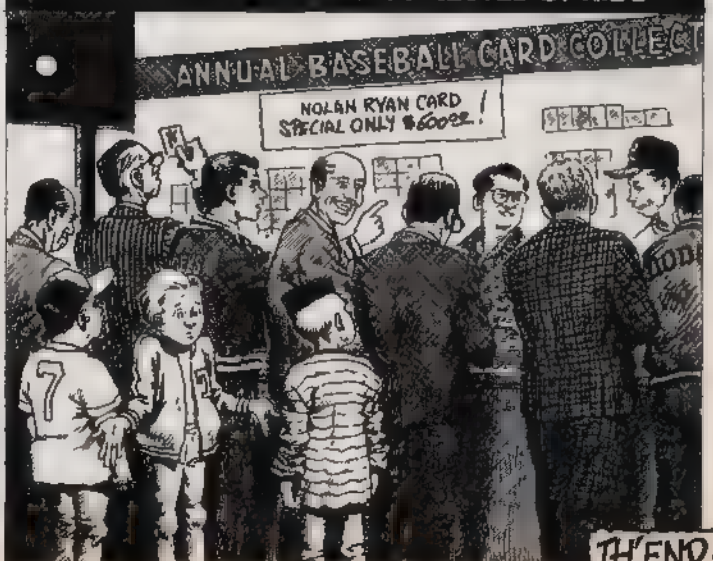
ROCK PERFORMERS WERE DISAPPROVED FOR THEIR FREAKY HAIRCUTS



EARRINGS WERE WORN EXCLUSIVELY BY FEMALES



BASEBALL CARDS WERE COLLECTED BY KIDS



THE END

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING THE ROCKETEER

WRITER GEORGE GLADIS
ARTIST RUBIN TYLER



YOU CRY INTO EVERY CONCERT
FOR FREE

YOU CAN STEAL SECOND, THIRD AND HOME RUN BEFORE THE
PITCHER WINDS UP



YOU SKI DOWN HILL FASTER THAN
MOST PEOPLE SKI DOWNHILL





**YOU MAKE IT TO CLASS ON TIME EVEN THOUGH
YOU OVERSLEPT**



**YOU NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT
WEARING OUT YOUR BICYCLE TIRES**



**YOU ARE ABLE TO FRUSTRATE
ALL THE VICIOUS MUTTS ON
YOUR PAPER ROUTE**



**YOU PROVIDE YOUR PROM
DATE WITH THE EVENING'S
MOST SPECTACULAR
TRANSPORTATION**



YOU NEVER HAVE TO USE YOUR BACKHAND AT TENNIS

CRACKED HORSES

© 1984 ARNOLD



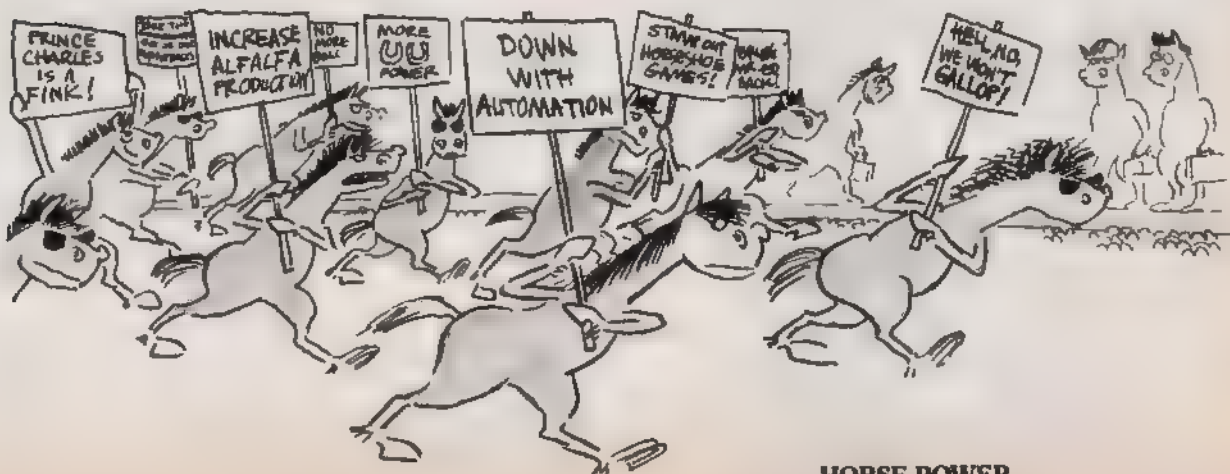
COAXING HER OFF HER HIGH HORSE



STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH



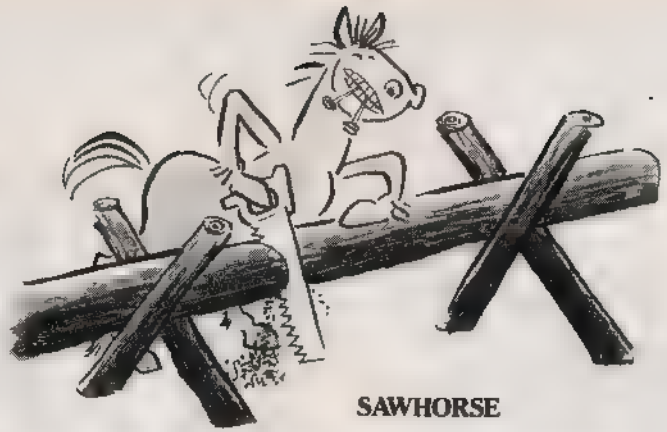
HORSEPLAY



HORSE POWER



HORSEFLY



SAWHORSE



HORSEHIDE



HORSING AROUND



WARHORSE



A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

Hi, I'm not Rambo, I'm Sara Conker. When you last saw Der Cyborg,

in *Cracked* #267, (if you missed it, shame on you!) he was just a few hunks of twisted metal.

For a mere hundred million bucks, he has been rebuilt into one gorgeous hunk and reprogrammed.

He is no longer trying to kill me. This time, his mission is to protect my son, Johnny Mop.

GERMINA JUDGMENT

In a hi-tech society capable of time travel and producing Cyborgs, you'd think some genius could have sent along a pair of pants.

I want your clothes, your bike and your shades!



What's the world coming to? Even bikers aren't safe from muggers!



GIVE ME YOUR CLOTHES!

Is that all?

No, I want your identity!

Sorry I asked...



He's mankind's hope for the future. Another Cyborg has been sent to earth to kill my son.

Oh by the way, on July 4, 1997, there will be a nuclear holocaust, so, if you're planning any outdoor activity that day, wear your strongest sun block.

TOR 2 T DAZE

WRITER: TONY FRANK
ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN

Man, you beggars are really gettin' outta hand. I remember when you'd ask for change for a cup of coffee.

This is a pool hall, not a swimming pool! No skinny dipping allowed!!

Can't we make an exception in his case?



John Mop Conker, come with me!

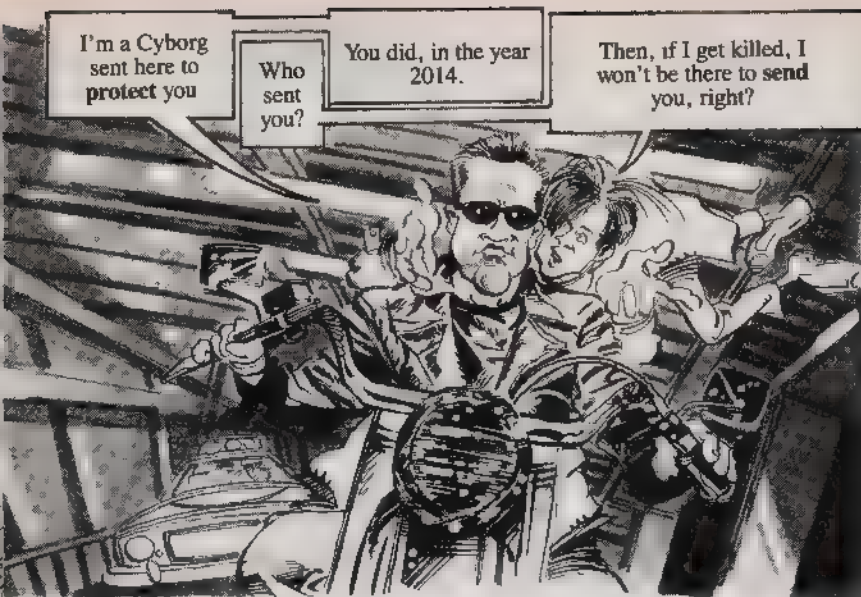
I'm outta here!

Man, I heard that new truant officer was tough!!

Holy Swiss cheese! I can see right through him!

Ya, dot TS 1000 is a very shallow Cyborg.





I'm a Cyborg
sent here to
protect you

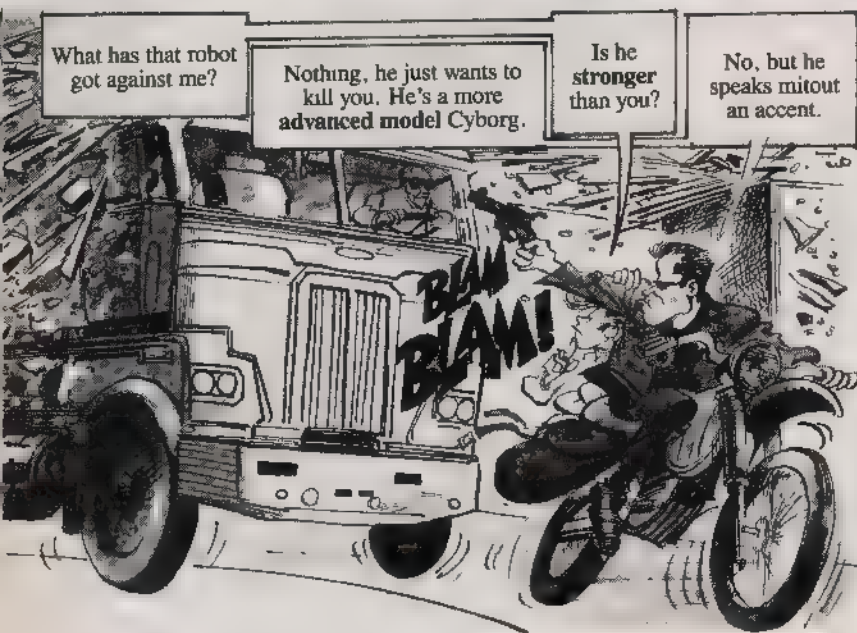
Who
sent
you?

You did, in the year
2014.

Then, if I get killed, I
won't be there to send
you, right?



Don't ask so many kvestions, they get in der vay
of der special effects.



What has that robot
got against me?

Nothing, he just wants to
kill you. He's a more
advanced model Cyborg.

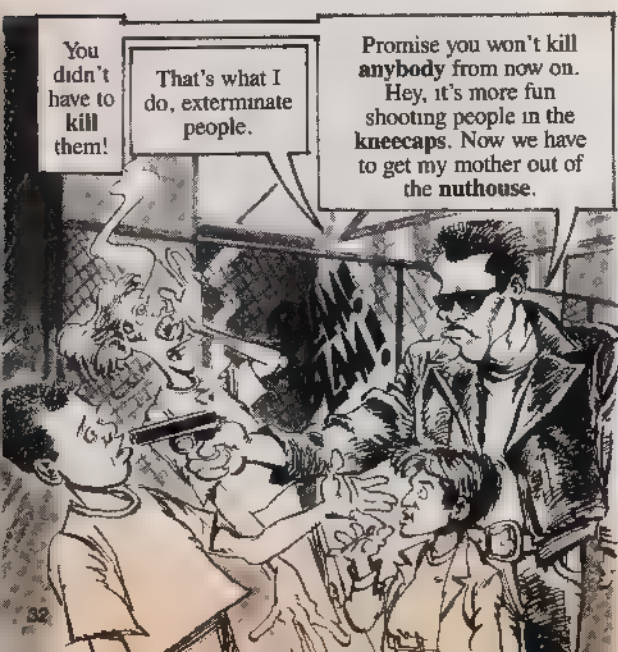
Is he
stronger
than you?

No, but he
speaks mitout
an accent.



I'm
programmed to
do whatever you
command

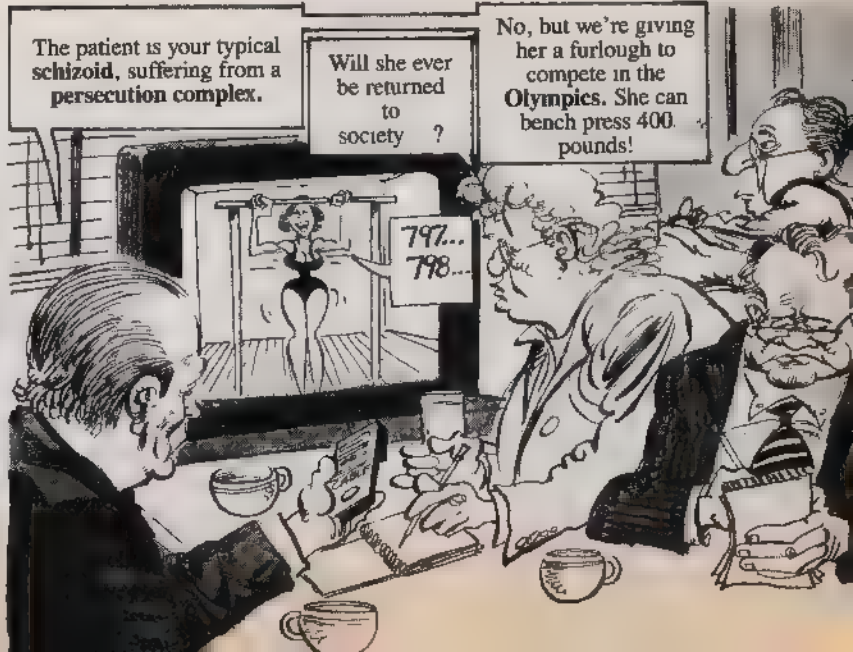
Alright! There are a couple of
bad dudes at school who always
hassle me. I want you to take
care of them!



You
didn't
have to
kill them!

That's what I
do, exterminate
people.

Promise you won't kill
anybody from now on.
Hey, it's more fun
shooting people in the
kneecaps. Now we have
to get my mother out of
the nuthouse.



The patient is your typical
schizoid, suffering from a
persecution complex.

Will she ever
be returned
to
society ?

No, but we're giving
her a furlough to
compete in the
Olympics. She can
bench press 400
pounds!

Sorry, visiting hours are over...

You ver right, kneecapping is more fun den killing! Now I get to vatch people suffer

Doctor, the world won't end in 1997. It was just a bad dream.

Are you saying that so I'll think you're sane?

No, the world will end in 1996!

Will it be a nuclear explosion...?

Worse, Dan Quayle will be elected president

WHEN DO WE EAT DR



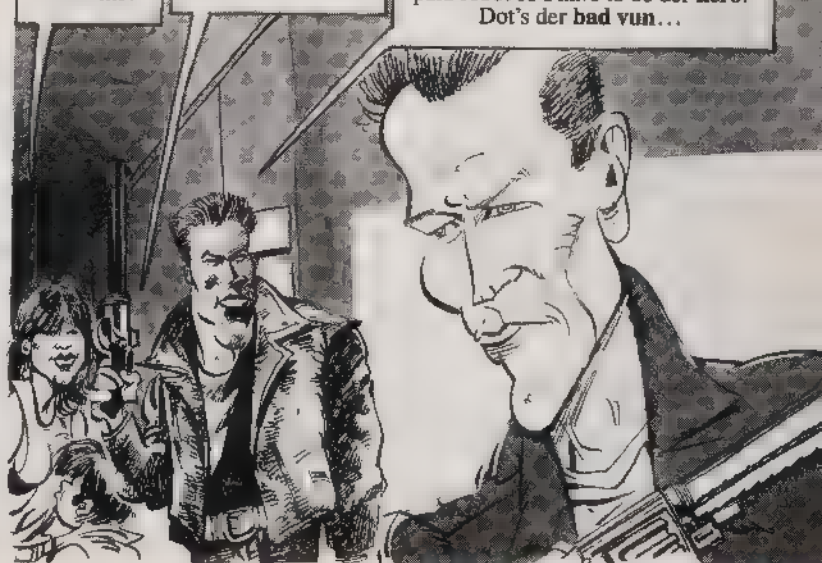
We have to get out of here! The sky will fall in 1996.

Cheez, the Doc flipped out!

You're back to kill me!

No, Mom, this time he's a good robot.

Dot's right, I'm Hollywood's highest paid robot so I have to be der hero. Dot's der bad vun...



Ve haff to get out of here

Wow! Have I got a splitting headache!!

I'm giving you a ticket.

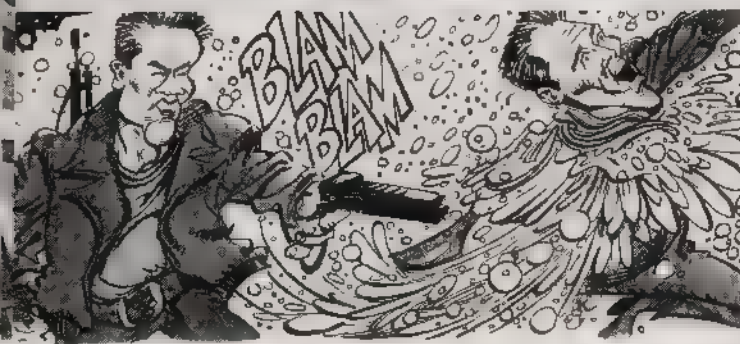
For shooting a gun within city limits?

No, this is L.A. It's for letting a minor operate a car. That's dangerous. Have a nice day.

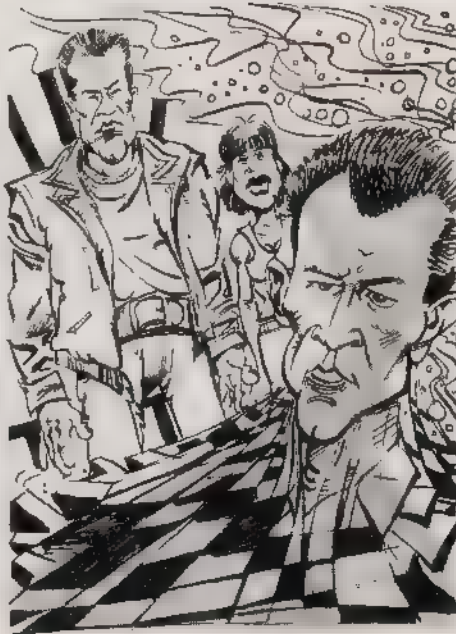




Auf Wiedersehen,
baby.

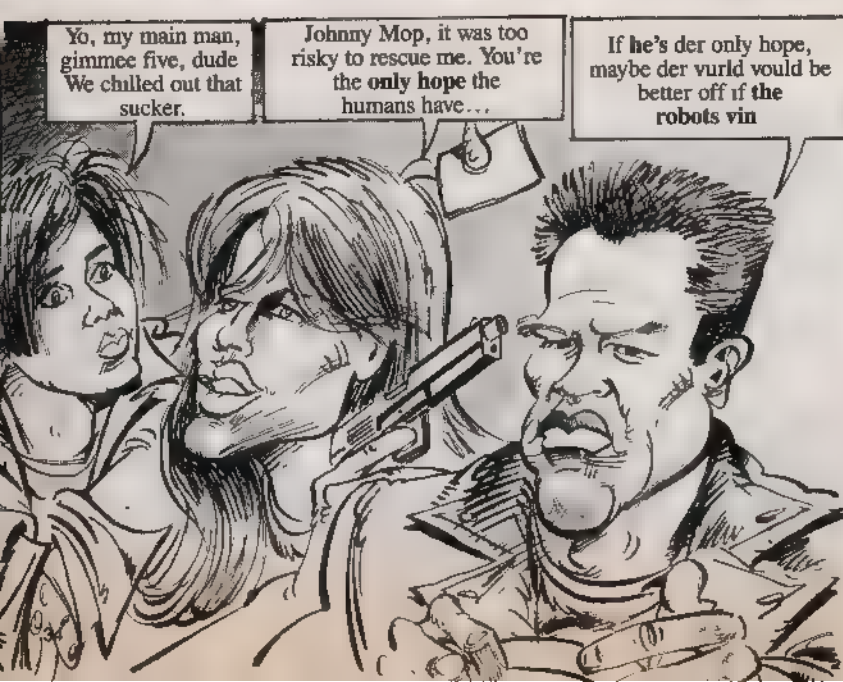


There's nothing left
but some Leggo
pieces!



Ve haff to go, he's
regenerating!

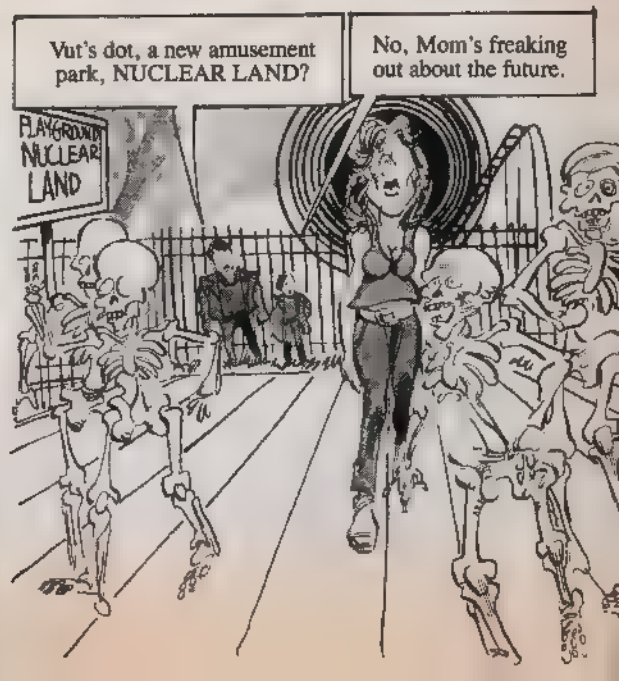
Talk about pulling
yourself together.



Yo, my main man,
gimmee five, dude
We chilled out that
sucker.

Johnny Mop, it was too
risky to rescue me. You're
the **only** hope the
humans have...

If he's der only hope,
maybe der vurld would be
better off if the
robots vin



Vut's dot, a new amusement
park, NUCLEAR LAND?

No, Mom's freaking
out about the future.

It was awful!

Der nuclear explosion?

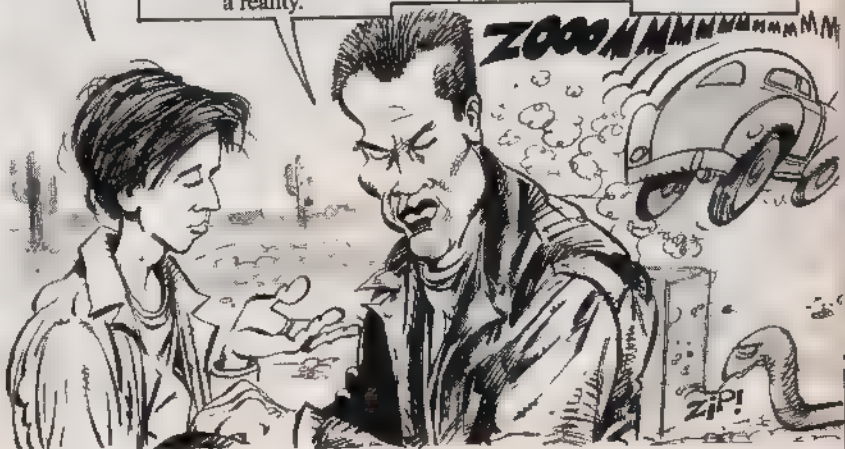
No, the cover of Vanity Fair's photo of Demi Moore, nude and pregnant.

Where's Mom going?

To change the future by killing der man who invented the chip that will make Cyborgs a reality.

If she knocks him off, there won't be any Cyborgs, so how do we explain you?

Don't ask so many kvestions, it only confuses der audience.



W-W-What do you want?

I'm here to kill you!

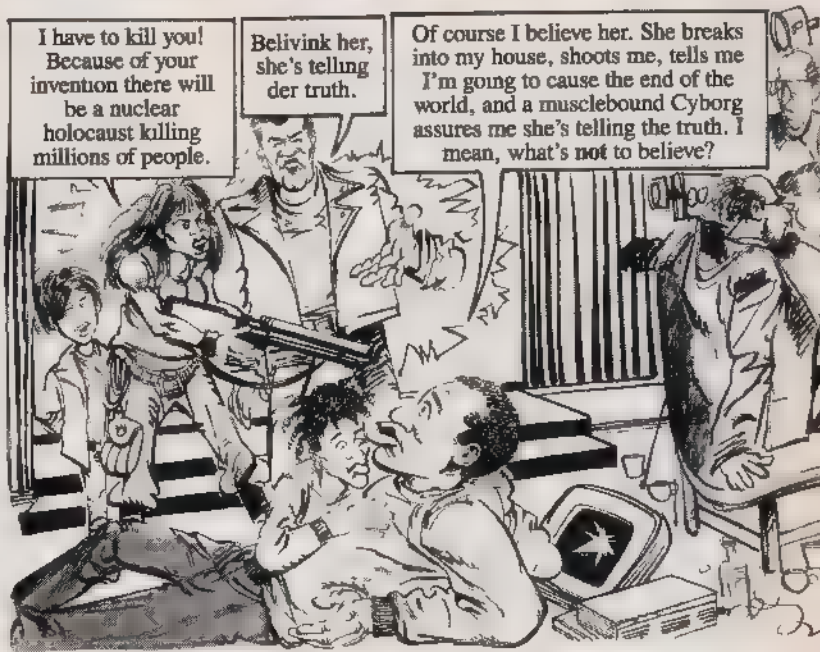
I didn't think you were the Avon Lady.



I have to kill you! Because of your invention there will be a nuclear holocaust killing millions of people.

Belivink her, she's telling der truth.

Of course I believe her. She breaks into my house, shoots me, tells me I'm going to cause the end of the world, and a musclebound Cyborg assures me she's telling the truth. I mean, what's not to believe?



We have to destroy that chip!

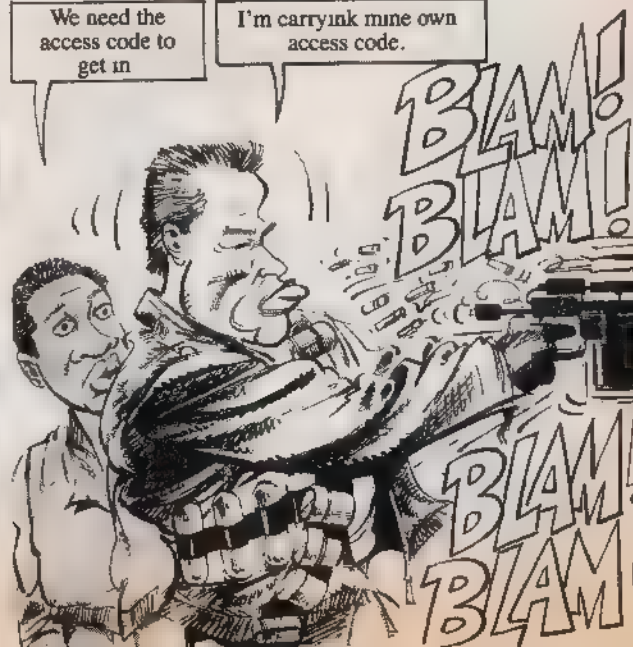
The logical thing would be for me to go to the lab in the morning, get rid of the chip, and erase the computer program...

So far, it's been logical...?

So, we'll break into the lab, have a shootout, and blow everything up, including me.

We need the access code to get in

I'm carryink mine own access code.



Be careful!

Vy, is der chip in there?

No, a Mickey Mantle rookie card

Come on, ve haff to get to der steel foundry and get rid of this chip

Remember no killing!

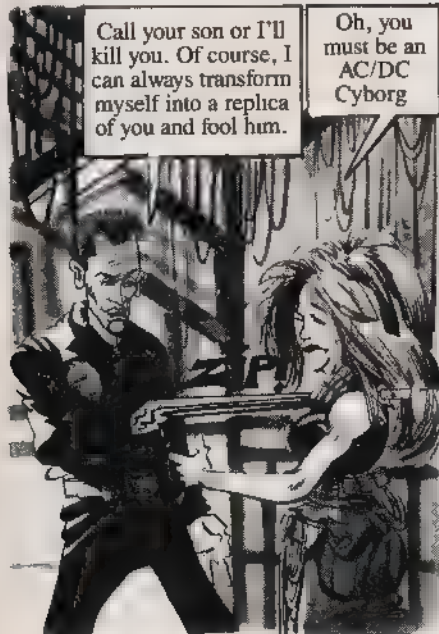
Ya, I'll probably make the Guinness Book of Records. I shot more kneecaps than the Mafia!

Oooh, he got me in the kneecap!



Call your son or I'll kill you. Of course, I can always transform myself into a replica of you and fool him.

Oh, you must be an AC/DC Cyborg



Throw in der chip. Now ve haff to destroy the last chip...me. Gootbye.

No, wait! I have an idea...



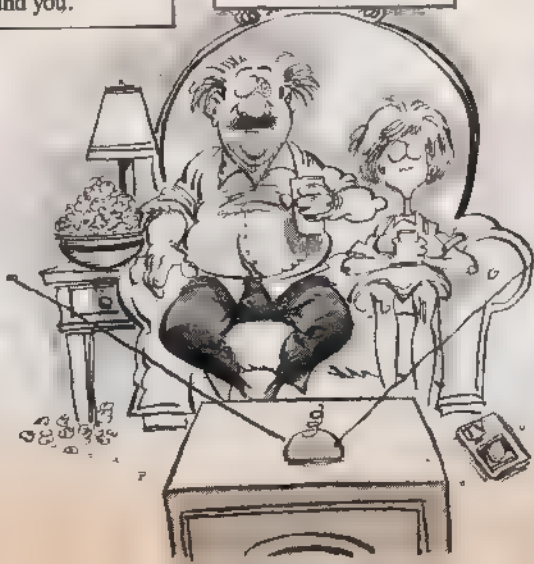
I destroyed the chip and replaced it with batteries. Now, he just keeps going and going and going.



The road to the future remains bleak. The machines haven't given up. Look around you.

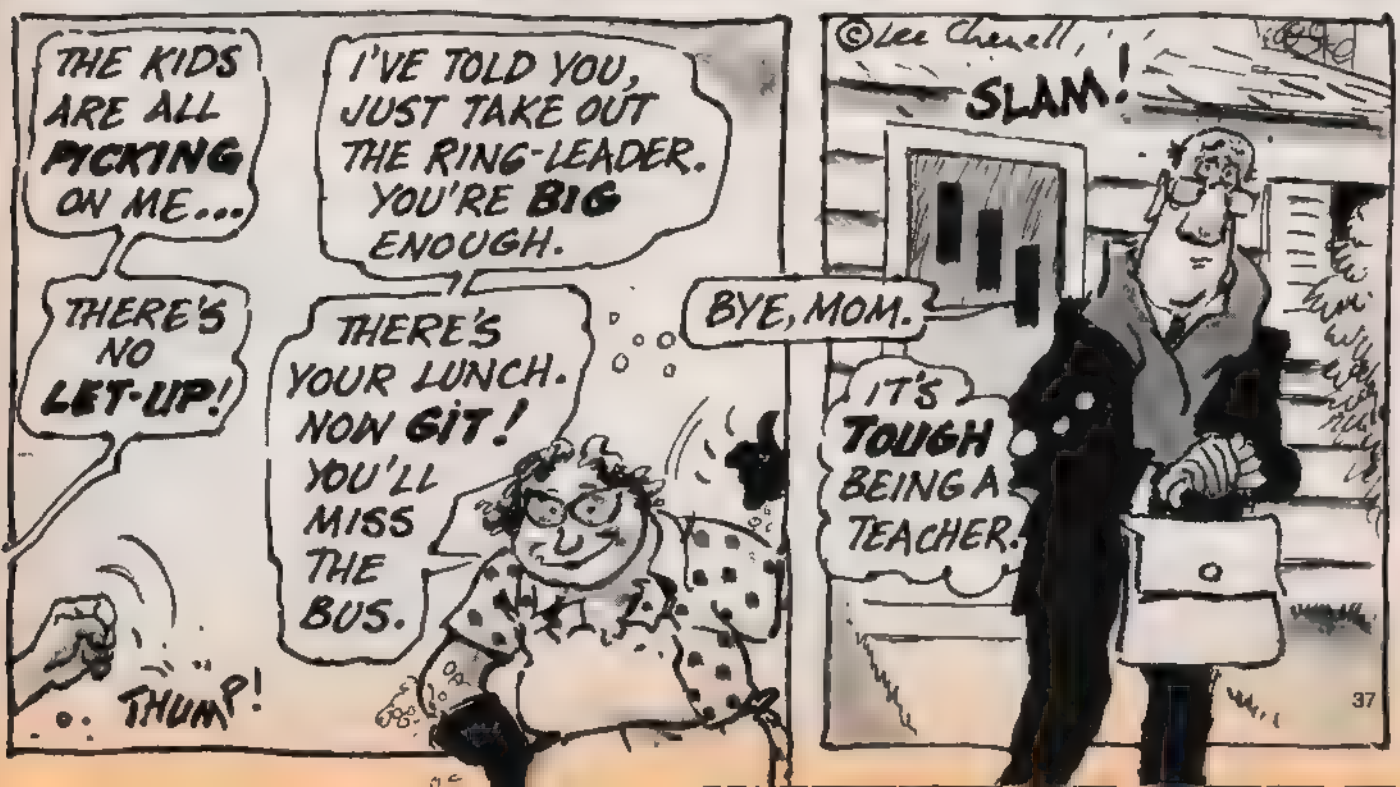
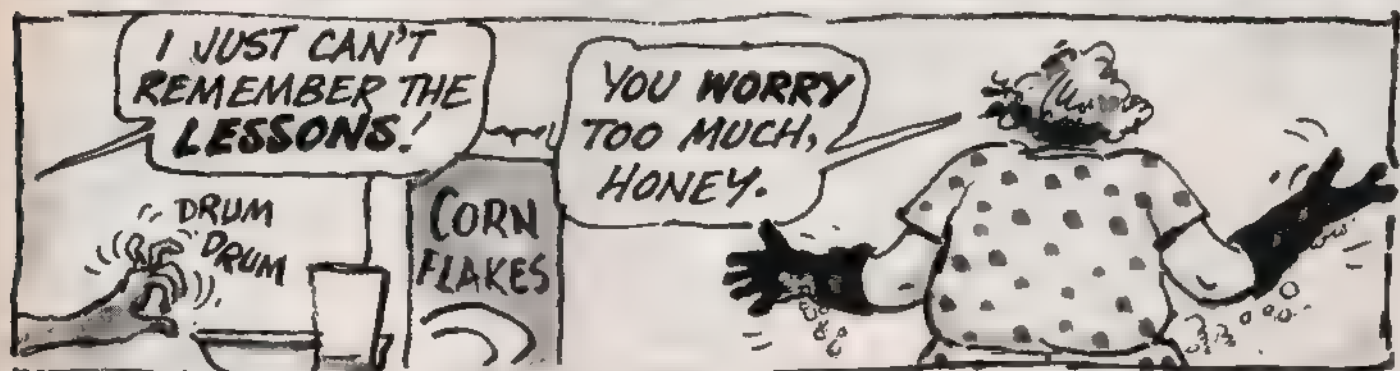
The adult population have turned into couch potatoes...

...and the younger generation has become TV and computer games zombies. Time is running out for the human race. **THE MACHINES ARE WINNING!!**



THE LITTLE DREAD SCHOOLHOUSE

WRITER/ARTIST: LEE CHENELL



IN THE **ROBOCOP** MOVIES OMNI CONSUMER PRODUCTS IS THE FIRM THAT SUPPLIES POLICE DEPARTMENTS WITH THOSE SMOOTH AND EFFICIENT CRIME-FIGHTERS (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE STIFF AND MECHANICAL ONES LIKE **DICK TRACY** AND **COLUMBO**). FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF ITS READERS **CRACKED** OFFERS A SNEAK PEEK AT THE PAGES OF...

The © **ROBOCOP** CRIME-FIGHTER'S CATALOGUE

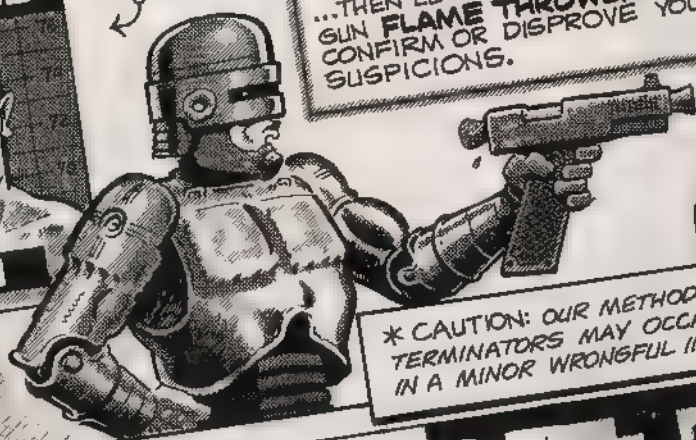


WANTED



IS YOUR SUSPECT A POSSIBLE TERMINATOR TYPE CYBORG?

...THEN LET OUR **ROBOCOP** SQUIRT GUN **FLAME THROWER** EITHER CONFIRM OR DISPROVE YOUR SUSPICIONS.

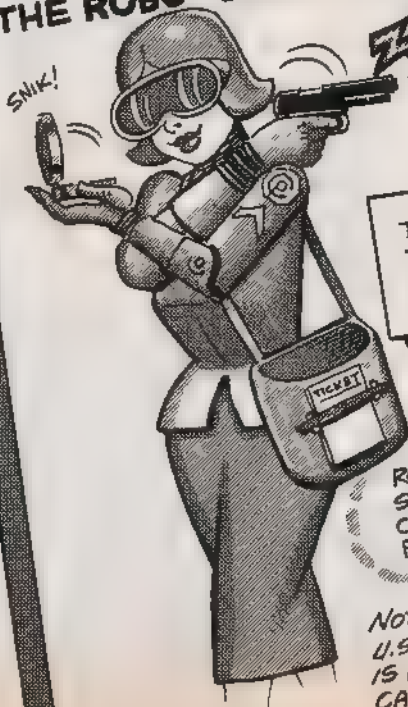


ACK!



* CAUTION: OUR METHOD OF DETECTING TERMINATORS MAY OCCASIONALLY RESULT IN A MINOR WRONGFUL INJURY SUIT.

THE ROBO-COPETTE



ZAP! ZAP!

THIS CUTIE-PIE IS PROGRAMMED TO REACT WITH DEADLY FORCE TO ALL MURDERERS, KIDNAPPERS AND MALE CHAUVINISTS.

ROBO-COPETTE IS EQUIPPED WITH A STATE OF THE ART ODOR DETECTOR AND CAN SNIFF OUT DRUG LABS, TERRORIST PLOTS OR DEPARTMENT STORE SALES!

NOTE: FOR THOSE FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND U.S. CITIES WHERE BRIBE-TAKING BY POLICE IS AN ACCEPTED PRACTICE OUR ROBOCOPS CAN BE PROGRAMMED TO CONFORM.



A \$1.99 IN PROGRESS. SECOND AND MAIN!

OUR
ROSIE
THE ROBO
METER
MAID

COMES EQUIPPED TO DISASSEMBLE THE VEHICLES
OF ALL FIRST-TIME PARKING VIOLATORS.

DWG!

SECOND AND
THIRD TIME
VIOLATORS ARE
DEALT WITH
MORE SEVERELY.

OLD FASHIONED POLICE SEARCHES
OFTEN OVERLOOK MINI-REVOLVERS
AND SMALL CALIBER WEAPONS.

OUR PATENTED
ROBO
FRISKER

IS
GUARANTEED
TO FIND ALL
CONCEALED
WEAPONS WITH
ITS UNIQUE
QUAKE 'N'
SHAKE
METHOD OF
SEARCHING.

CAN ALSO BE USED TO SHAKE
MILKSHAKES AT ALL POLICE DEPT.
PARTIES AND FUNCTIONS.

KEEP YOUR ROBOCOP
INFORMED OF THE LATEST
ADDITIONS OF PUBLIC
ENEMIES.

AMERICA'S
MOST
WANTED

I WISH I
COULD GET MTV
ON THIS THING.

OUR ROBO BANK GUARDS ARE
PROGRAMMED TO ELIMINATE
ANYONE APPROACHING A BANK
WHILE WEARING A SKI MASK.

HALT!

TEMP
82°

CAUTION:

IN ALASKA, WHERE CITIZENS
NORMALLY DON SKI MASKS AS
PART OF THEIR WINTER APPAREL,
EMBARRASSING BOO-BOOS MAY OCCUR.

CURB THE
CURB VIOLATING
CURS WITH A

MINI-ROBOCOP
(DANNY DEVITO MODEL)

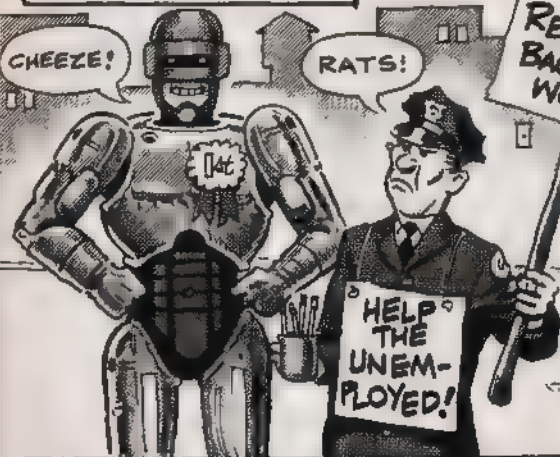
OUR MINI-ROBOCOP ALSO
SUBJECTS GUILTY DOG OWNERS
TO 1,000 HOURS OF COMMUNITY
SCOOPING SERVICE!

TOUCHÉ!

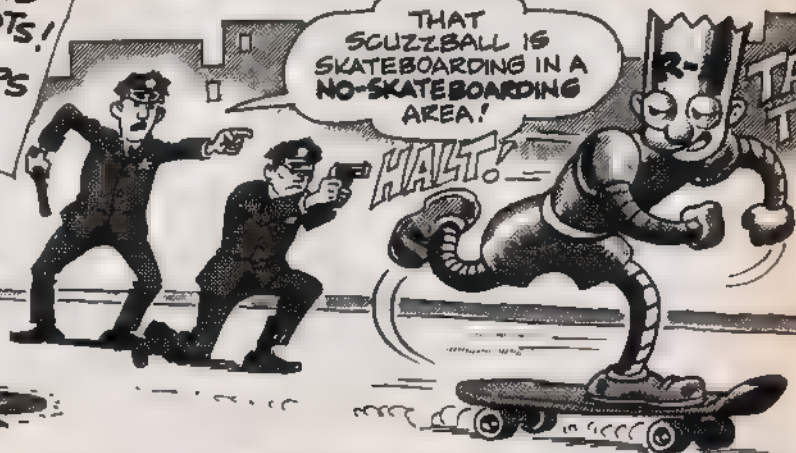
YIPE!

WHOOOSH!

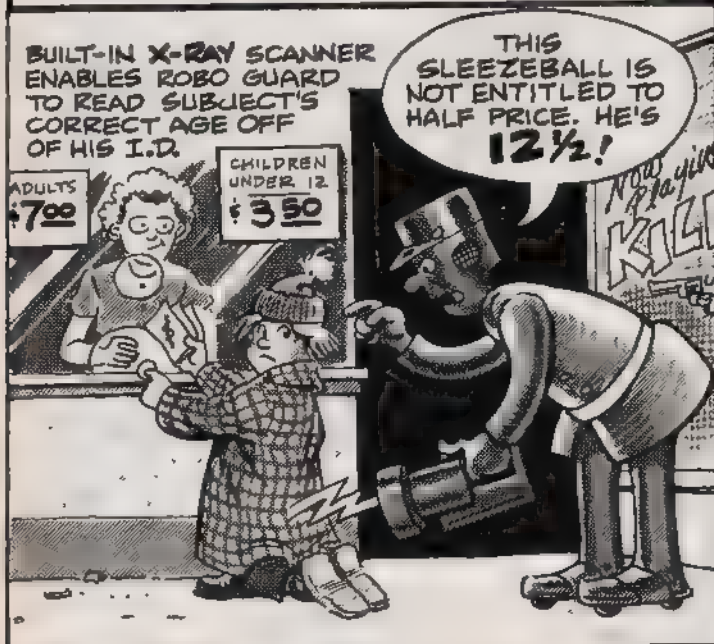
OUR EFFICIENT ROBOCOP HAS ELIMINATED CRIME IN SOME CITIES TO THE POINT WHERE THE LOCAL P.D. IS THREATENED WITH MASS LAYOFFS.



...FOR THOSE AFFLICTED AREAS WE RECOMMEND PURCHASING OUR UNIQUE ROBO-ROGUE! ROBO-ROGUES WILL COMMIT JUST ENOUGH PETTY CRIMES TO INSURE FULL EMPLOYMENT FOR THE DEPARTMENT'S OFFICERS.



OUR ROBO MOVIE GUARD CAN SAVE YOUR THEATER THOUSANDS IN LOST MOVIE REVENUE.



ROBO TRUANT OFFICER RAIDS VIDEO ARCADES FOR CLASS DITCHERS.



OUR ROBO MALL GUARD IS A MUST ITEM FOR KEEPING MALL SANTAS HONEST DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON.



OCP'S Golden Handcuff HEALTH SPA

IF YOUR ROBOCOP IS SUFFERING FROM METAL FATIGUE AND OVERLOADED CIRCUITS, HE NEEDS THE 3-R TREATMENT:

ROBOT REST &

FOR ROBO COPS

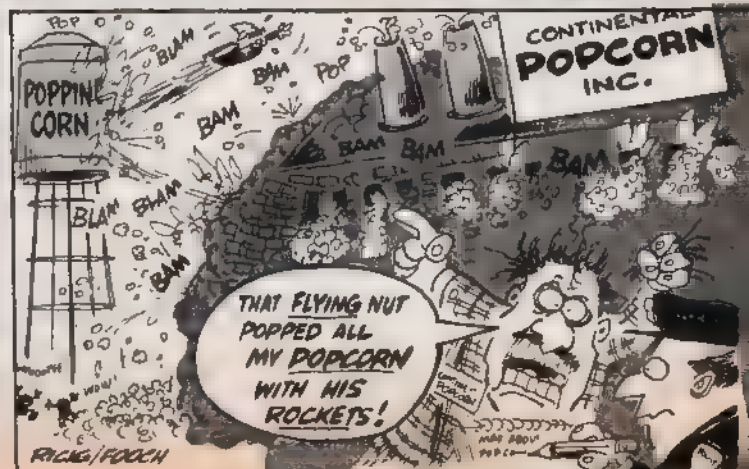
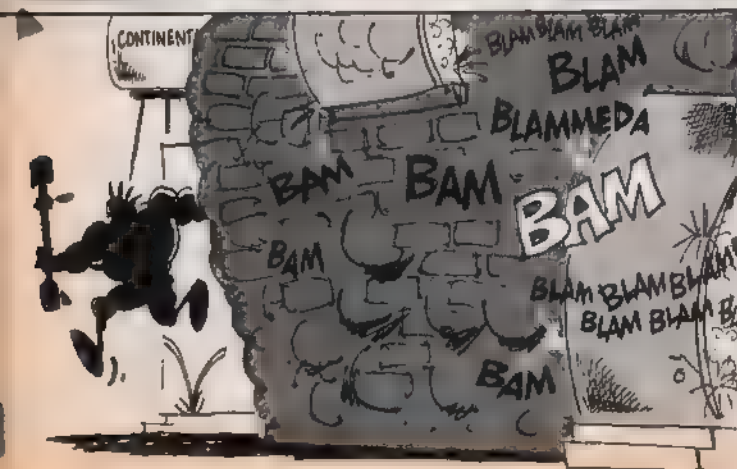
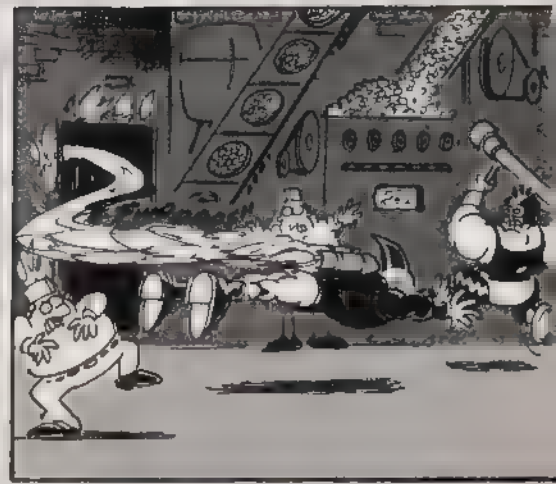
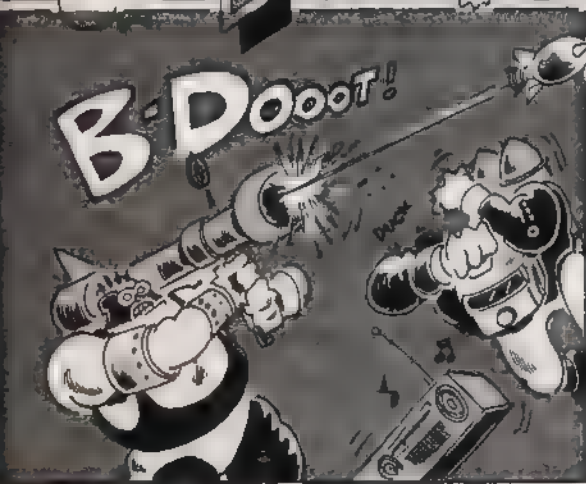
LET OUR TRAINED MASSEUSES RELAX HIS WEARY MUSCLE CABLES WITH METAL POLISH AND HOT OIL SAUNA TREATMENT.

RECUPERATION!



ROCKETTEEN!

JERRY DEFUCCIO : WRITER
MIKE RICIGLIANO : INKER





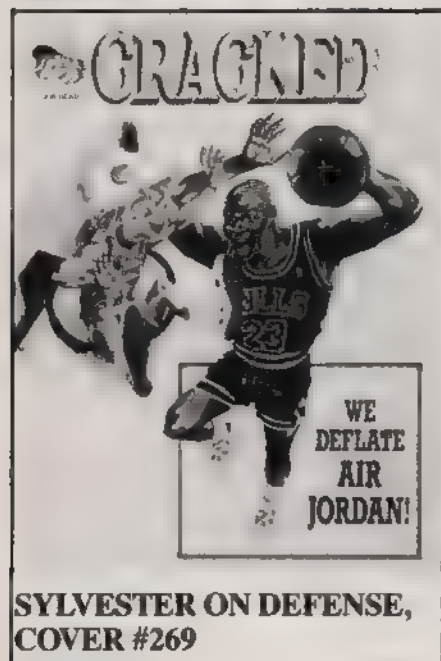
CRACKED LETTERS, 441 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y., N.Y., 10017

BULLISH ON THE BULLS

Can you please make something up about the Chicago Bulls? But nothing offensive.

Jerod Griffin
Lutz, Fla.

Editors: We have some dandy material coming up on everyone's favorite, Michael Jordan. It's about as offensive as Manute Bol.



SYLVESTER ON DEFENSE, COVER #269

SPIES AND SABS HIT THE BEACH

Just want to say that Mike Ricigliano's beach beauty heightened our day as we passed the article from blanket to blanket. I'll remember it all winter long.

Ruth Metzger
Morristown, N.J.

Hot sand...it was a scorcher! Funny guy, Ricig!

Ben Perlman
Detroit, Mich.

What other work does Mike Ricigliano do, besides Cracked...?

Jacob Huebert
North Lima, Ohio

Editors: Mike is a very busy sports cartoonist. Three cartoons a week for the Baltimore Evening Sun, one cartoon weekly for the Philadelphia Daily News, and a monthly cartoon for the Buffalo Bisons, a triple A affiliate of the Pittsburgh Pirates. And he never misses a Cracked deadline!

HIDDEN MEANING?

John Severin's the funniest artist I've ever understood.

Sasha Carpenter
Los Angeles, Ca.

Editors: But who's the funniest you couldn't understand?

MADONNA'S DEVILISH ADVOCATE

I really don't appreciate how you're treating Madonna. You keep printing rumors as facts. In your latest issue, #266, you had a centerfold on "Our Lady of Garbage." Using Madonna as the star for that is what I call **garbage!** The only thing in the centerfold that actually showed something as true was, "Like us they liked your kind of guts, kid." That showed what a gutsy, brave, inspiring woman she is. Other than your rude writings on Madonna, I really like your magazine. So, keep printing.

Tara A. Bardon
West Dover, Vt.

Editors: Other than your one kind compliment, we really disliked your letter.

CRACKED PHOBIA

I have Cracked phobia! I can't control it! Whenever I get near your magazine, I buy it and read it constantly. Help meeee!

Jason Hatziliadis
address withheld

Editors: Technically, a phobia is an excessive fear. If your cure is to buy and read that which is scaring you, we applaud your courage. To assist in your rehabilitation, we suggest that you visit several newsstands every day and continue to confront this fear so bravely. We're always glad to help Cracked Readers in distress.

SEVERIN-BIANCO APPRECIATION

I just purchased your #265 issue and especially enjoyed The Secretion of the Ooze. I think John Severin is an awesome artist and Vic Bianco writes the coolest stories. I'm looking forward to reading your next issue.

John Goldberg
Lawrence, N.Y.

Editors: And we're looking forward to reading your next letter.

WORD PLAY?

I think your magazine is not funny. I think your magazine is stupid.

Lisa Nalwood
Arvada, Co.

Editors: We think your spelling is not funny. We think your spelling is stupid.

FAN DOWN UNDER

I think your magazine is the best, but I'm not going to babble on about it.

Adam J. Forster
Pyramid Hill
Victoria, Australia

Editors: Couldn't you have babbled on a little at least?

THIS AMAZING OFFER WILL NOT BE SHOWN ON TV!

BECAUSE WE'RE TOO CHEAP TO BUY "AIR TIME"!

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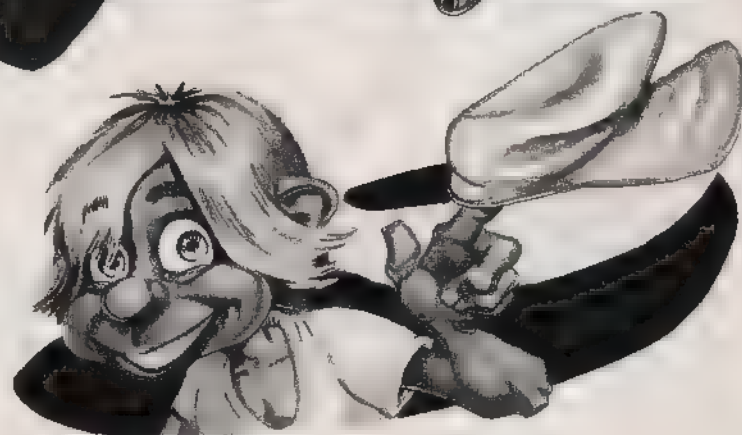


3

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BIRD-WATCHING COUPLE

SEEN ANYTHING OF INTEREST OUT HERE
THIS MORNING, HERBERT?



OH, MY, YES! I SAW A COUPLE OF NUT-BILLED, DIT-
WICKERS WHEN I FIRST GOT HERE!...



...BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING SINCE THEN!



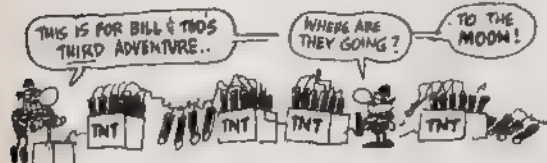
© 1991 D. MARTIN...

A couple of years ago there was a small budget movie about two most excellent dudes who were into time travel. The studio thought they had a bomb on their hands and sneaked it into theatres with no publicity. Naturally, it became a most outstanding hit. The sequel arrived this summer and it was strictly big time, big budget, super publicity, spectacular, expensive special effects. Once again, Hollywood has proven that bigger ain't better, or as funny, either, as you'll see as we join.

Bill & Ted's Big BUDGET Journey

WRITER: VIC BIANCO

ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN



I am De Nerdis, a meanie from the future. My destiny is to rule the Universe! To accomplish this, I must prevent Bull and Tad from winning the Battle of the Bands. Is that a plot or what?

What.

These Cyborg replicas will kill Bull and Tad and take over their lives.

Yeah, and their most excellent babes!

Unfortunately, they have been programmed to be as stupid as the originals.



Station! I'm Tad!

And I'm Bull; together we're the WYLD SCALLYNS.

We're the Princess Babes. We learned to play Rock and Roll in Medieval England, which makes as much sense as everything else on this page!

Guys, your group is the pits so I'm putting you on last in the BATTLE OF THE BANDS.

Whoa, excellent!! That gives us a couple of hours to get totally good on our fiddles.

They're guitars. Actually, you sound better without your instruments. Why not strum the air...?



SEVERIN

After we win the Battle of the Bands, will you Princess Babes totally marry us?

This most excellent genuine plastic ring is for you.

It's lovely.

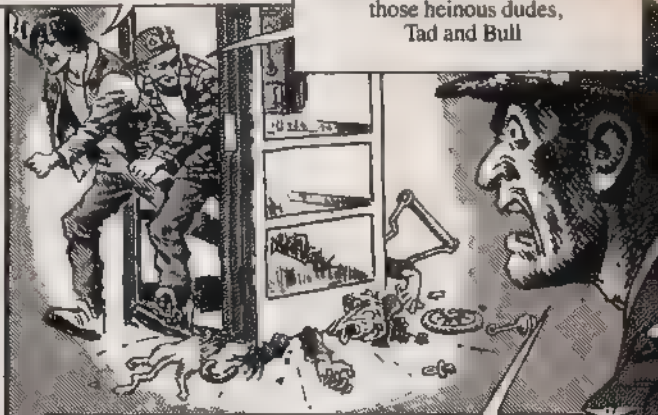


My prize was this totally awesome top and it's for you.

I'll bet I'm the first Princess to get an engagement top.

The Eagle has landed! I totally always wanted to say that.

Good shot! We landed on top of a cat, a dog, and a woman pushing a baby carriage. Now, let's waste those heinous dudes, Tad and Bull



A flying phone booth? That does it! I'm giving up beer and turning in my uniform.

Guess who's here, Tad, it's us.

Station, dudes. The babes called off the engagement but we can fix things up. Just come with us

I don't totally trust these dudes

Would we lie to ourselves?

No way, let's go!



We're going to totally kill you.

Yeah, have a most excellent trip.



I never thought we'd Melvin ourselves.

It's most bogus!

Don't worry, dude. Butch Cassidy and Sundance did this falling off a cliff bit; never got a scratch.

I think we're dead That's the Glum Roper!

Do ya do rope tricks like that Will Rogers dude?

It's REAPER, not Roper, and you're both dead!

No way.

Yes way!



Yeah, but they landed in water!



We've got to save the Babes from the bogus us! Let's Melvin this dude.

Your Deathness, your shoelace is untied.



Why did I fall for that when I'm not wearing shoes?

Later, dude!



Those totally evil dudes have totally trashed our pad!

Yeah, and they're totally thrashing our relationship with the most chaste Babes.

What's come over you two?

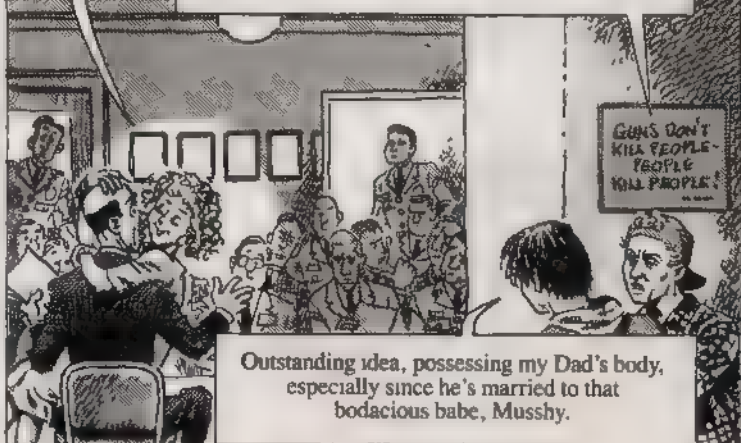
I kind of like the change.

I can't bear to be away from you for even a minute!

Your Dad's the Chief of Police. How about doing the Exorcist thing; possess his body and get the cops to bust those heinous dudes!



We'd better do something before it's totally too late.



Outstanding idea, possessing my Dad's body, especially since he's married to that bodacious babe, Musschy.



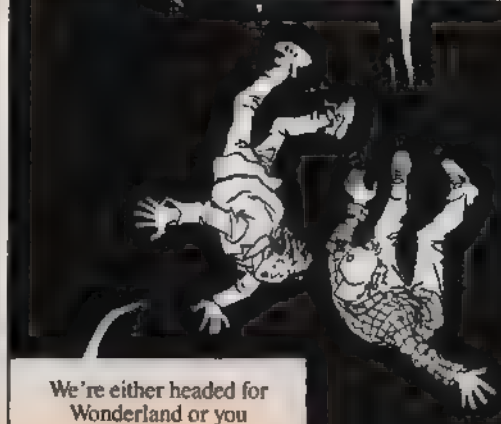
You're a bunch of totally #* + @%&# + &# dudes!!



Tad, I don't think this exorcist possession bit is working.

Like, what's happening?

We're totally falling down a most deep hole and it's just totally too confusing to explain how we got here.



We're either headed for Wonderland or you know where.

That dude
doesn't look
like the MAD
Hatter and he
sure ain't
Alice!

Welcome
to Hell
...!

Your Devilship, do
we gotta shovel coal
and stuff like that?

No, you will be
forced to watch
MTV for
eternity!

The only video in Hell is
New Kids On The
Block ...

No way! Couldn't we
shovel coal, instead?

Yo, Reaper
Dude, how do
we get outta
here?

Hell sounds cool to us, Beazle Butt.

Beat me at a game of your choice and you can leave.
Lose and you're here forever!

We totally win again! We've beaten you in Battleship,
Dungeons and Dragons, Candyland and Twister.

Alright, you
may leave.

How about a game of
Truth or Dare, first?

We must be in
show biz
heaven. Check
it out, there's
Elvis and John
and Bruce
Willis!

I didn't
know he
died ...?

Didn't you
see
HUDSON
HAWK?

We gotta get a genius
from the man in charge,
to build us a couple of
unrivaled robots to
totally defeat those
evil dudes.

If those airheads can beat you, how can we expect
to keep anybody in Hell?

He'll help you; tell Him you're a
friend of Dave Berg!

I was hoping He would give us an outstanding genius like
Einstein, not a couple of Martians who look like the San
Diego Chicken, without feathers.

Don't worry, guys who look that nerdy
have to be totally brains!

I don't care if my scythe is
old-fashioned. I don't want
a weed wacker!

I want one to last for
eternity!

Okay, this scythe is
guaranteed for ten
years ...

Meet Tad and Bull ... Ta —
daaaa!!

Outstanding, genius
dudes!



We'll totally wipe out those gnarly dudes!

Man, this is
really heavy!

Yeah, even Guns N' Roses never
knocked off people's heads.



Way to go, most
excellent robots!

Now that the Scallyns have won
the BATTLE OF THE BAND,
what's next?

We're going to
Disney Land,
dude.



Presenting ... THE WILD SCALLYNS!!

YEAH!!

We're the Wyld
Scallyns!!



These are the *real* Scallyns, no cyborg could be programmed
to make such an awful sound.

I am taking control of every TV set in the
world! From now on, I'll be the only thing
seen on TV.

That will be a big
improvement over what's
on now.



You're under arrest for double parking
your phone booth.

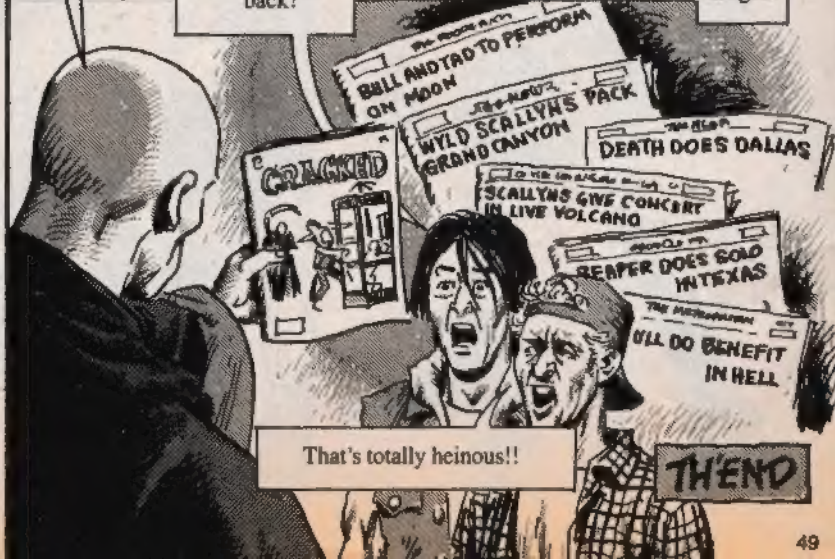
Awesome move, Dad,
totally non-heinous!

I have some bad
news for you
dudes.

Is De Nerdus
back?

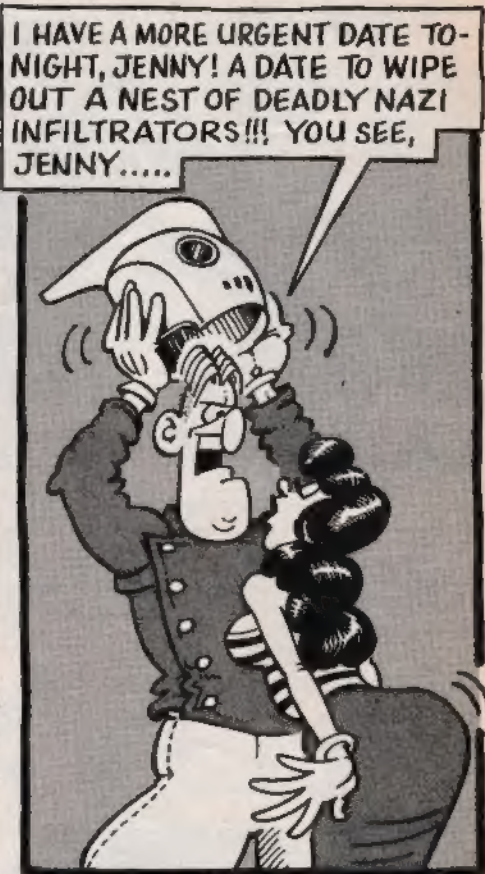
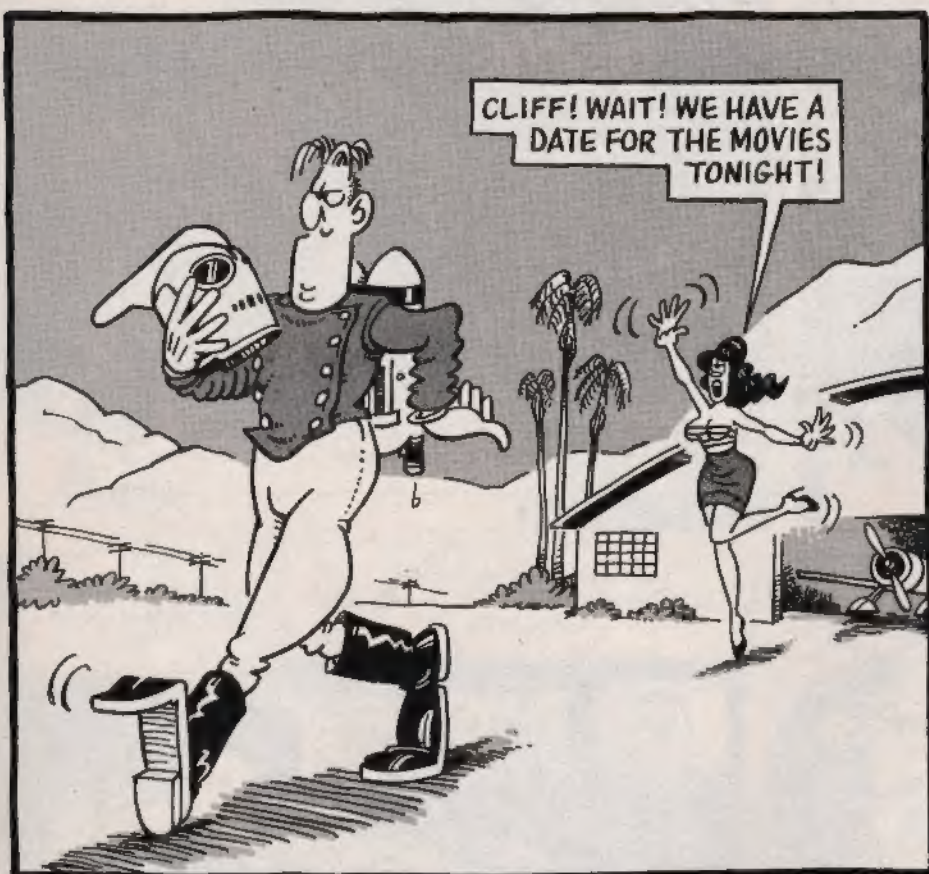
Worse, we're featured on the
cover of CRACKED!

Bogus!



That's totally heinous!!

THE END





IT'S NO JIVE!

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